ON THE MARGIN

By Commentator

MR. FRANK MELLAND brings to the notice of our readers this month, an aspect of British policy which was ignored during the election, but which in its wider aspects is not less important to the future of the British Empire than League policy. If and when the sound and fury of the Italian-Abyssinian War have died down, it is to be hoped that his plea for a rational and ordered development of British East Africa will be followed by the long-expected Government action.

Mr. Melland's competence on that subject needs no commendation; nor does Mr. Belloc's competence on the wider subject of "The Modern Man," on which he writes this month. Mr. Belloc's view of mankind has that rare constancy, the constancy of underlying principles; and he expresses those principles with an economy of phrase that is rarely equalled. I do not know how many converts Mr. Belloc has made to his views since he wrote "The Servile State," but I think "The Modern Man" should add substantially to their number.

* * *

IT was in the '30's of the eighteenth century that George Frederick Handel began his career as a composer of English operatic texts. A little known aspect of this pioneer work two hundred years ago is recalled this month by Mr. Desmond Flower, member of a literary family which has especially distinguished itself in Handeliana.

Among other notable contributions to THE ENGLISH REVIEW this month are "Mrs. Susanna Hopton," by G. I. Wade, which tells of the friendship of a great lady for Thomas Traherne, shoemaker's son and poet of Hereford who was born

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ON THE MARGIN—*continued*

three hundred years ago; "Tramp Voyage," in which John Allen tells of life in the tramp steamers to which another subsidy of £2,000,000 is being given this year; and "The Padded Cell," wherein Tom O'Bedlam begins a satirical commentary on the passing show. Tom O'Bedlam, incidentally, is well known to readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW under another name.

* * *

I AM not myself one of the fortunates who can pack their bags every Christmas and leave London far behind. But if I were, I could think of no better refuge from the fog than the Norwegian winter sports centres. Ski-ing is a word of Norwegian origin, though the fact is often forgotten, and ski-ing in Norway is as good as ski-ing anywhere. There are other winter sports to be enjoyed there, too, and all in bright sunshine and an invigorating atmosphere.

The Norwegian hotels in which I have stayed—and they are fairly numerous—are all that hotels should be, clean, comfortable, well served, moderate in price; and the Norwegian people are the most delightful in Northern Europe. A compatriot of mine once replied, when I asked him what he thought of Norwegians: "A sort of improved Englishmen." It was a slight, but only a slight, exaggeration of the truth.

There is also in Norway an advantage for English travellers that is only found in minor degree elsewhere. That is that "everyone speaks English." I have the abiding memory of descent into a small town in the Balkans at six o'clock one summer morning to remind me how deceptive that phrase can be. But in the case of Norway it really is as near the truth as any such general statement is ever likely to be. English is taught in the schools, understood in the shops, and well spoken by every educated Norwegian.

* * *

(*continued on page* 124)

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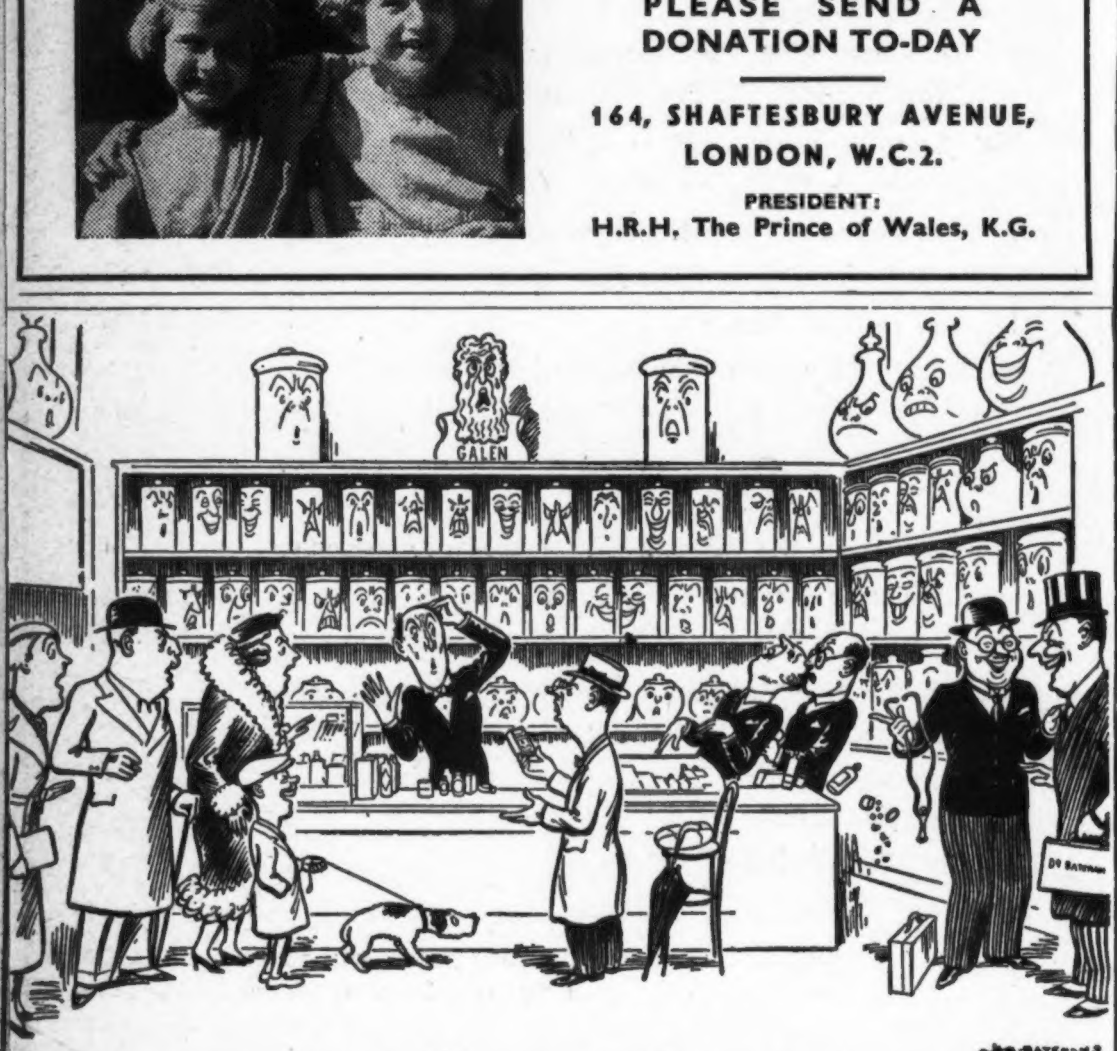

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28th Year of Publication

JANUARY 1936

CURRENT COMMENTS

THE year 1935 closes in an atmosphere of crisis, gravely exacerbated by a press campaign directed by the forces of the left and left-centre against the Government's foreign policy. For the severity of this attack, leading directly to the resignation of the Foreign Secretary, the Government are greatly to blame. They are suffering for the ill-considered haste with which they began their economic campaign against Italy and still more for their failure to understand the limits and conditions of open diplomacy. In old days, diplomacy could be supple, according to its defenders, or slim, according to its critics, and remains effective. To-day it can be neither. If war must, under modern conditions, be made by peoples and no longer by governments, the same is true of peace. When it was clear that they were not going to prevent the Italo-Abyssinian conflict, the governments of France and England, which had decided from the beginning that they would not impose a settlement on Italy by force of arms, should have faced, before the conflict began, the necessity for preparing world public opinion for the kind of settlement which could be negotiated without military force in the background. Instead, world public opinion was deliberately mobilized in favour of sanctions although it was known by its authors that this policy was not to be pressed to the logical conclusion of a blockade. The mobilization of opinion in this country bears a painful likeness to that organization of hatred against Germany which we witnessed in the years from 1914 to 1918. Tales of explosive bullets and poison gas began to appear. Circumstantial stories of the madness of the head of the Italian Government found their way round the clubs, and defences

of slavery as a humane institution appeared in the correspondence columns of the *Times*. Just as in 1914 it was left to Mr. Bernard Shaw to point out that the Germans were not barbarians, so in 1935 it was left to Mr. Bernard Shaw to point out (though not in the "New Statesman," which, as the chief organ of intellectual socialism, was naturally not over concerned with the slavery issue), that Abyssinia did not represent the finest flower of Christian civilization.

A Destruction Coalition

PUBLIC opinion before the crisis developed was already hostile to Italy. Fascism was tarred with the brush of political, racial and religious persecution. Public opinion did not trouble to distinguish between one dictatorship of the right and another. If fascism spread, liberty was in danger. When fascism showed a tendency to assert itself in Africa—at the very gate to India—men of goodwill felt reasonably alarmed, and men of no goodwill at all saw a welcome and unprecedented opportunity. *Delenda erat Carthago*. Here was opportunity for a destruction complete beyond measure. The armament interests, the militarists, the pacifists (with one or two honourable exceptions), the ideologues and the revolutionaries found themselves strange but enthusiastic bedfellows. It was left, as it had been left in the Chanak crisis of 1921, to the heads of the fighting services and the right wing of the conservative party to fight the battle of sanity. Who played what part behind the scenes will not be known for some years. Unfortunately it is now known that at least one of the principal actors spoke and acted against his convictions, but it was in that part of their public duty which, under a democracy, must be played in public that the Cabinet most signally failed. It was obvious many weeks ago that a dangerous state of feeling was developing, that the public were quite unaware of the fact that sanctions could not be carried to their logical conclusion without

grave risk of war, and that, while unprepared for war, they were equally unprepared for any settlement which admitted any part of the Italian case.

The Paris Proposals and the Covenant

IT has been repeatedly said that the provisional basis of negotiations submitted by the British and French Governments to Italy, Abyssinia and the League was a violation of the Covenant of the League. This is not true. There is nothing in the Covenant of the League which suggests that any nation which breaks the Covenant is to be forced into unconditional surrender, however small the provocation it has received (and Italy's provocation was not small). Those who attack the Government on this issue assume that Italy had no valid reason for her demand that Abyssinia should be expelled from the League. Italy, on the other hand, assumes that the League had no valid reason for refusing that demand. Both sides are in the wrong. The Italian case was formulated in haste and rejected in haste and Italy put herself in the wrong by proceeding immediately to break the Covenant whose authority she had admitted by submitting her case to Geneva. The fact remains that **the Covenant does not rule out the possibility of negotiating with an aggressor, or concede in-advance to the party aggressed against any indemnity for the actions which led to the act of aggression. It is a matter of opinion whether the Covenant would be improved if such provisions were incorporated in it. It is a matter of fact that they are not at present included.** Quite on the contrary. The whole aim and purpose of the League, as it has been advertised by its keenest supporters, is to settle disputes not by force but by consent.

What is " Settlement by Consent "

IF settlement by consent is to be only the kind of consent which has been the preliminary to every pre-League settlement—namely the enforced consent of a

country beaten to its knees—then nothing has been gained: force is still the arbiter: and all that has been written to the contrary is lies. It is because the English people has been led to think that the League was a body which could, and would, propose not a settlement based on the military situation at any given time but a settlement based on the needs of all parties and the rights of all peoples that the League has been so warmly supported in England for so many years. It is a new and quite different doctrine which is now being preached. If the defence of the *status quo* is the first task of the League, irrespective of the conditions existing under the *status quo*, then the chief task of the Great Powers in the future will be to defend at the expense of their trade and, if necessary, with the lives of their citizens the frontiers of every country which has relapsed into a state of anarchy amd provoked its neighbours into action. Such a task may be a beneficent one, but it is something very different to what was in the minds of the authors of the Covenant, who saw in the League not an engine of repression but an instrument of fruitful progress and peaceful change.

The Position of the Government

OTHER and graver considerations are provoked by the precipitate and undignified abandonment of their own policy by the Government. Sir Samuel Hoare's defence of that policy was forceful and honourable. The Prime Minister's repudiation of that policy did not lack force and no one questions his personal integrity; it does not unfortunately follow that the action taken can be justified. A Cabinet which advises the heads of two belligerent States to accept a settlement and then announces to the world that the settlement it proposed was a bad one is not in a position either to negotiate another settlement or to impose sanctions on a nation prepared to accept the terms. It is possible that, with the incredible maladroitness

which has characterized Italian diplomacy in the last twelve months, the Italian Government will either reject the terms proposed or ignore them. In any case the former difficulty remains. It can only be removed in one way. Without a drastric reconstruction the National Government will not in future be regarded either at home or abroad as representing the nation.

Our Act of Faith

THE situation as it was disclosed to the House of Commons on December 19 must be beyond precedent. Half the Government's supporters expected to hear (before the news of Sir Samual Hoare's resignation) a defence of the Government's proposals. The other half expected to hear that the proposals had never been endorsed by the Government. All heard with dismay that the proposals had been submitted to the Cabinet and approved and recommended after approval, but that the approval was so insincere that the opportunity for recanting it was positively welcome! It would be, outside England, an incredible story. *Credimus quia impossibile.* Let no one hereafter say that the ENGLISH REVIEW lacks faith in British Parliamentary institutions or the good intentions of British statesmen.

The Case for the Paris Proposals

THE case for the actual proposals has not gone altogether by default. Sir Samuel Hoare's speech in defence of them was clear, courageous and well argued. He failed, however, like everyone else who spoke on this historic debate, to face the one vital issue—the proper solution (by which we mean the just solution) of the Abyssinian question. Does the League stand, like the Cavaliers of old, for the right divine of States to govern wrong? Until politicians, be they Socialist, Liberal or Tory, it makes no matter, have the moral courage to face this issue, their strident claims to be expositors of Christian justice and secular wisdom are a trifle ridiculous, for it happens to be the one question of

principle underlying the whole tragic dispute. Is the League, by virtue of Italy's breach of the Covenant, pledged to the defence of the territorial integrity and unfettered sovereignity of Abyssinia? If not, the Paris proposals, unacceptable as they may be (and appear to us) in many respects, are not wrong in principle. If, however, the League is so pledged, it must at once take naval and military measures to implement its pledge.

Is there a Case for War?

SIR SAMUEL HOARE appeared to suggest that he would have been willing to be a party to such an extension of the area of conflict if the British share in the ensuing military operations had been likely to be no more than was proportionate to her status among the 52 nations who should co-operate in such a war. Other members of the Government have hinted at the same thing. It seems to have escaped the attention of the world that before force even under the old diplomacy was considered justified, nations stated their "war aims." If the war aim of the League is the unconditional surrender of Italy, then the same revulsion of public feeling which has destroyed the Peace Proposals will destroy the League's prestige among decent people of all parties. It is no part of the duty of Europe to draw a ring fence of Christian bayonets round the slave system of Ethiopia, or to perpetuate the misgovernment by the Amharic oligarchy at Addis Ababa of the non-Amharic provinces conquered by Ethiopia forty years ago in circumstances of the utmost brutality. Before the world can judge of the League's case it must know what solution the League proposes. If its case is that the punishment of Italy must precede any settlement of the Abyssinian problem, and that, as part of that punishment, Italy must be excluded from any share in the development of Abyssinia, then let the League say so openly. But that will involve a reversal of the specific terms on which the Government appealed to the Country. Sir Samuel Hoare's declaration, repeated on every

National platform throughout the country, was in favour of a peace acceptable to Abyssinia to Italy and to the League. To substitute for this policy the punishment of Italy, if necessary by force, would be a cynical abuse of the rights of democracy. It is not only minorities who have a right to express their opinion or to have respect paid to their views. The overwhelming majority of English men and women endorsed, and still endorse, Sir Samuel Hoare's formula. They are not well represented in the correspondence columns of the *Times* or the *New Statesman* and *Spectator*, nor by the sometimes hysterical patriotism of the correspondents of the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Mail*. They are represented by the silent voters who are, we are assured at every election, sickened with disgust at the antics of the Conservative party but who in fact continue, because of their preference for order, peace, and stable progress, to vote Conservative. They do not speak much, and they never write, but that is no reason why they should be deprived of their effective representation. It is the duty of Conservatives to see that they are not.

The Genesis of the Present Outcry

TO a detached observer the most interesting feature of the present crisis has been the skilful mobilization of minority opinion. With barely half-a-dozen exceptions, the correspondents who have belaboured the Government in *The Times* have been expressing extreme sanctionist views since the present crisis began, and at a time when the Government's policy commanded overwhelming support. In the country, the active supporters of the Peace Ballot were vocal, and frightened their representatives. Far be it from us to deplore the influence exercised on the people's representatives by the people. It is good and salutary. But it is an undeniable fact that the influence which made itself felt was predominately Liberal and Socialist, and that its effect will be wholly evil. THE ENGLISH REVIEW was attacked for saying at the beginning of November that the use of military sanctions was not a

dead, but merely a dormant issue. It is now made public that this issue is the vital issue of practice which is still undecided, and the hysterical outburst of sentimentality over the Paris proposals has made the risk of war far greater than before. If the Government were to set themselves in pursuit of the sanctionist policy to the deliberate preparation of a world war, the sentimentalists would be the first people to attack them. If, as is more probable, the only effect of the present outcry is to put an end to peace negotiations while leaving sanctions as they are, then the only result will be the betrayal of the Abyssinian people. As Sir F. O. Lindley pointed out, the determination of a great Power can no more be arrested and modified to-day without the use or threat of force by some other great Power than it could before the League existed. Clear-headed people have known this for years, and honest people have said it openly. The British public have got to be led back from sentiment to realism till they, too, understand this sombre reality which underlies all the verbiage of the new diplomacy.

The Future of the League

IT is not, of course, certain that the policy of modified sanctions will absolutely fail. It has failed to prevent this war, or to modify its anticipated course, but it may (and indeed is likely to) produce a situation in which Italy is more disposed to bring her venture to an end than she would otherwise have been. That, however, is not enough. The League cannot survive as an instrument of mere interference—unable to resist modifications of the *status quo* by force but able to prolong any resulting conflict and to modify its natural results. Such a League would give us the worst of both worlds—neither peace nor justice—neither an expedient compromise in time to avert war or a decisive settlement at the price of war. If, on the other hand, the League organizes itself, now or in the future, for the effective use of force in

defence of force, it is committing itself to a futile effort to establish a closed political system, which will be doomed to overthrow, as all such systems have been, by disruptions from within or aggression from without.

It is probable, that, later rather than soon, a vigorous and possibly fatal effort will be made to achieve such a closed political system. There is no mandate from the British people for any such course; but, be this as it may, it is certain that unless and until the League is informed by moral principles held in common by all its members, the attempt to deny to individual nations all rights of private action will fail. If economic sanctions are found sufficient—as is just possible—to bring the present crisis to an end, this would only mean that the diplomacy of the future would be directed, not to winning strategic frontiers as in the past, but to consolidating economic frontiers and alliances which would render those nations and groups which achieved such protection immune from the sanctions of the new Papacy at Geneva. Force remains force, even if directed no longer against armies in the field but against the health of women and children, and until the end of time force will always raise up force against itself. Already it is more than probable that the victory—if victory it is to prove—of the League over Italy will be gained, if at all, at the price of acquiescence in vast changes in Central Europe and Asia which will wholly destroy the existing balance of forces.

Yet English public opinion remains wholly unmoved by the decisive events taking place in China, and possibly soon to take place in Central Europe. These events must be taken into account in any judgment as to our duty in the present crisis and afterwards. That we must recapture some measure of freedom of action in regard to this is obvious. Any sacrifice of that procedure is justified only when it can be shown to be a clear and certain contribution to the World's peace. The League has not yet proved itself anything of the kind.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Foreign Affairs

By Wilfrid Hindle

AFTER Britain, France? At the moment of writing these lines, the effect of Sir Samuel Hoare's resignation from the British Cabinet on the position of the French Cabinet is unknown. But it seems possible that M. Laval may survive the storm—in comparison with the tornado in British politics it is the lightest of breezes—which the Anglo-French plan for settlement of the Italian-Abyssinian dispute has aroused.

M. Laval, indeed, has survived much greater troubles. Since Poincaré, no French Prime Minister has had to face such difficulties as he. The difficulties have been threefold—international political, national political and national economic. The international political difficulties are difficulties, but not, internally, dangers. Frenchmen of all parties always have, and Frenchmen of all parties always will, rally at the cry of "France in danger."

The national political difficulties are more serious, but are effect rather than cause. Talk as M. Tardieu may about the drawbacks of a Constitution which allows individual Deputies and tiny groups in the Chamber to bribe or defend a sectional interest, he knows, as every other French politician knows, that this is neither an unique, nor a new, nor a really fundamental problem.

The French Republic has lasted for sixty years under its present Constitution, and the federation of the United States under a similar Constitution for a hundred years more. The fact is that a form of Constitution under which a few men and a few interests profit is at all times a luxury, and at times of economic crisis a luxury irritating out of all proportion to its intrinsic importance to those who do not share it.

France's Economic Discontents

FRANCE has now been suffering economic crisis for four years. She at first escaped the worldwide trade depression which began in 1929, only to find that later

she suffered more as other nations left the gold standard to save themselves. Her exports have almost continuously declined; industrial production has decreased; unemployment has increased. Worst of all, the peasant, on whom French economy finally depends, has suffered from a fall in agricultural prices. His purchasing power has decreased by 40 per cent. since 1929. His misfortunes have been accentuated—in the curious way in which what should be good fortune does accentuate misfortunes in an economically disorganised world—by successive bumper crops. His misfortunes, moreover, do not mean merely that he is in debt and unable to buy the products of French manufacture; they mean also that his property is liable to distraint and that thereby he sees threatened an agricultural industry which to him is as much a way of life as a means of living. Small wonder that he is discontented, that other sections of the French community are, for complementary reasons, discontented along with him.

On this discontent, if not entirely out of it, the leagues and the parties, the National Front and the Common Front, have grown. Fortunately for the Governments in office, the leagues and parties have hitherto been factional even when nominally united, and none of the factions big enough seriously to threaten for any length of time the political order as at present established. That situation may be changing. Colonel de la Roque's Fiery Cross now claims a membership of over 700,000. But the Fiery Cross has agreed (somewhat ambiguously, it is true) to disarm if its opponents do likewise; and if it really has the membership it claims, Colonel de la Roque may prefer to await the outcome of the elections due this spring rather than risk by forceful action a civil war in which his industrial connexions would make him suspect to many other of his countrymen besides the Communists.

M. Laval, a man whose own political progression has made him well acquainted with the mentality of every party, skilfully held the balance throughout last year by

playing off Right against Left and Left against Right. The slight increase recently apparent in the indices of French production might, if it persists into the New Year, enable him, or some successor similarly free from strong party affiliations, to play the same game again. It is a game which obviously cannot be played for long; and M. Herriot's latest resignation from leadership of the Radical Socialist Party is an indication of how the game might be ended. M. Herriot's resignations, however, have lost force by too frequent repetition. With a minimum of goodwill, M. Laval, or his successor, should be able to carry on. The trouble is that, if M. Laval be turned out, it will be difficult to find a successor both willing and capable to carry on.

The Future of the League

AT the best it will only be carrying on. And until a French Government can do something more than that, the future of the League of Nations will remain in doubt. No new British policy can materially alter the fact that it is on France, as the Power most interested, that the League of Nations ultimately rests.

That the League in some form will survive the Italian-Abyssinian crisis seems certain, even if it were only for the notorious reason that human institutions customarily outlive their usefulness. And in fact there are better reasons for the League's survival than the inability of mankind rapidly to adapt itself to new ideas. The League has dealt admirably with some cultural, some social, and a few minor political problems. Unfortunately the League enthusiasts (their numbers strangely, very strangely, swollen in the past year) are now infected with the kind of pride which forbids some schoolboys to admit that they are not yet men. Forgetful of the Japanese invasion of Manchuria, forgetful of German rearmament, more forgetful of the fact that the world still went on after Japan and Germany had flouted the League, they

must have the whole League in the case of the Italian-Abyssinian dispute or none of it. What attitude they will take when China next protests to the League against Japanese aggression is a difficult problem in the reconciliation of logic and capacity.

Japan's New Move

THERE is a singular coincidence between Japanese moves in China and crises in Europe. In 1914, when Europe was at war, Japan presented to China her Twenty-one Demands, some of which were accepted. In 1931, when Europe was preoccupied with a tottering Central European economy, she moved into Manchuria. In 1935, while Europe is concerning itself about a colonial war in Africa, she prepares the way for a move into North China.

The latest move was not what it had been expected to be. Japanese care for the susceptibilities of the Mongols of Manchuria had led to a belief that she was inclned to take more than a platonic interest in the other Mongols in the pastoral lands of Outer Mongolia. That she failed to fulfil, or deferred the fulfilment of, expectations in this respect may have two causes.

One was the visit to Nanking of Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, the British Government's Chief Economic Adviser, and the subsequent, though not necessarily consequent, adoption by the Chinese Government of a new currency policy which the Japanese believe to be inimical to their interest. Coming, as it did, soon after the declaration of a responsible Japanese diplomatist that "a friendly understanding has been reached between Japan and Great Britain . . . for the development of Pacific resources," Sir Frederick Leith-Ross's visit created in Japan a suspicion of dual control in British foreign policy.

The second cause of Japanese deviation from the expected line may perhaps be found further back, in the confession of Vice-Admiral Nakasato in 1934 that Manchuria had proved disappointing as a source of oil.

"The difficulties of the oil problem," Admiral Nakasato said then, "are expected to be accentuated still more in view of the impending problems of 1935 and 1936. In this situation we have to act without delay." The impending problems of 1936 are, of course, the problems of providing the mineral and fuel resources needed if Japan seriously intends to fulfil the declarations of her representatives at the London Naval Conference and build her navy up to the British and American levels. Northern China, known to be rich in coal and iron and presumed to be rich in oil, might solve them.

The "Soong Dynasty"

IT is the common assumption of British commentators on Japanese-Chinese relations that Japan would only be able to fulfil the designs she is believed to have on China over the body of the Nanking Government. The nature of that Government makes the validity of the assumption doubtful. General K. S. Chiang, personally its strongest member and generalissimo of Nanking's armies, was educated in Tokyo, sought refuge there after the failure of the Chinese Revolution of 1911, sought refuge there again when his own revolutionary government was ousted in 1927. His wife, formerly Miss Soong, belongs to the "Soong dynasty." Of her two sisters one was the second wife of Sun Yat-sen, father of the Chinese Revolution, who also found asylum in Japan; and the other is the wife of Mr. H. H. Kung, Nanking Finance Minister. Her brother is Mr. T. V. Soong, formerly Nanking Finance Minister and now President of the Chinese National Bank.

Family and friendly ties do not make Government policies. But, in the event of the British Government pursuing a policy of co-operation with Nanking which would appear to Japan to be hostile, it would be worth while to remember that Nanking's sentimental links with Tokyo are at least as strong as Nanking's sentimental links with Britain.

Airways of 1936

By John England

WHILE the eyes of political mankind have been fixed upon Geneva, uneasily watching the snapping of links that bound the peoples of the world together in a League of Nations, technical mankind has been busy creating new links which may bind the world more surely, though whether for good or evil is not yet certain. Puck's girdle round about the earth was foreseeable from the moment when Alcock and Brown made their pioneer flight across the Atlantic in 1919. It was all but completed last month when the Pacific Clipper, an American aeroplane under the command of Captain Edwin C. Musick, made a "service" flight from San Francisco to Manila. With some deviation it would now be possible to travel continuously around the world by air.

This development has come gradually, almost unnoticed, and as it were by accident. It has been the work principally of four nations Britain, France, Germany, and the United States; with, of course many invaluable contributions by individual citizens of other countries.

The American part in world aviation has been the largest. American external aviation has developed rapidly and on a large scale because of internal conditions. The long distances over sparsely populated country in the United States gave American air lines an advantage over other forms of transport that was lacking in, for example, Britain; and there was added to this advantage the fact that over these long distances there was not, as there was in Europe, a long success of troublesome frontiers.

To-day, American air lines not only span the United States. They extend, southwards, along the East coast of South America to Argentina and along the West Coast to Chile; north, to Alaska. To-morrow they will extend across the Pacific from San Francisco to Canton, in Southern China; and, if present plans are realised, across

the Behring Sea to Vladivostock, and thence, in co-operation with the Soviet air services to Moscow and Western Europe.

With Captain Musick's flight the American Pacific air service is already almost as good as in being. The flight was accomplished (to the discomfiture of the journalists who had hoped for a good "story"), without incident. Constant communication was maintained with wireless stations en route, and the series of Pacific islands, Hawaii, Midway, Wake and Guam, proved excellent intermediate landing places. Incidentally, air transport in the Pacific may prove a death blow to the romantic beachcomber tradition. The lagoons in coral atolls, where the beachcombers were supposed to find their unhappy hunting grounds, are admirably adapted as harbours for seaplanes and seem likely to be developed to that purpose.

Lacking the internal commercial advantages of American air transport, British air transport has nevertheless had in compensation the half-commercial, half-political advantage of a British Empire scattered the world over as a field for experiment. Much has been said in criticism of the inadequacy of British experiments in the development of air transport. In fact they have been fairly consistent, and, in the result to date, successful. The Dutch line, K.L.M., was for some years allowed a virtual monopoly of Eastern air services. But the British air service to India has now been working satisfactorily for some years; since the Macpherson Robertson race of 1934 it has been extended to Australia. Some thirty flying boats were laid down in 1935 to enable the changing of the Indian-Australia air route from overland to ocean routes, and, unless there is a big increase in speed, this may mean some increase on the present flying time in 1937, when the ocean route comes into operation. But even then the saving on previous transport time will be enormous.

There has been an enormous saving of time also on the

other great Empire air route, from London via Cairo and East Africa to Capetown. From both the Australia and the South African services there are branch routes which will eventually bring most countries of the Empire east of Greenwich within easy reach of London.

All that is now lacking to complete the net of Empire airways is a service across the Atlantic from Britain to Canada and a service across the Pacific from Canada to New Zealand and Australia. A regular British air service across the Pacific is not yet technically practicable (though it is said that the British Government has provided for its eventual realization by proposing reciprocal use of British and American islands in the Pacific as airports); and financially could not at present compete with the American Pacific air service. But in the Atlantic there is more hope, and a tentative agreement has already been reached with the United States and Canada for an experimental Atlantic air service this spring.

French airways have been developed in part quite independently of French imperial interests. There is a Franco-Belgian air line to Central Africa which traverses French possessions most of the way. There is the French Eastern service, which ends at French Indo-China and goes over Syria, French mandated territory. But the most costly, and potentially most important, of French airways goes across the South Atlantic from Dakar, in French West Africa, to Brazil, a country with which France has neither very strong diplomatic nor very strong commercial connexions.

Germany's extra-European airways, like the French South American airway, have (or perhaps, more accurately, had in the beginning), no immediate commercial justification, and by reason of the Versailles Treaty could have no imperial justification. They were two: an aeroplane service to Mongolia and an airship service to South America. The Mongolian service is subject to periodical suspension because of the peculiar

political conditions obtaining in Northern Asia, and is suspended at this moment. The Graf Zeppelin's services to South America, however, have been very successful, not only as an aid to German trade, but as a proof that airships, built and handled by a people who have a genius for them, are as capable of regular and efficient service as aeroplanes.

It is probably safe to say that none of the extra-continental airways, with the possible exception of the American services to South America, is a paying commercial enterprise. All run on subsidies of one kind or another, (as, for that matter, do the air services in Europe). But with the development of North Atlantic and Pacific air services the day of purely commercial aviation will not be far distant. These two oceans are the main highways of modern commerce, and highways along which speed is an important factor. If the political problems of Europe and Africa leave the British Government any energy to spare in 1936, it will do well to turn it to the development and perfection of the North Atlantic air service.

Representative Men

Senator Borah

BOISE is three days and three nights from Washington by rail. To the English traveller it seems much further. Boise is a clean, rectangular city, set in the sage-brush desert and Rocky Mountains of the State of Idaho. It is pleasant in winter and in summer, comparatively prosperous at all times.

I saw it first in spring, just after a storm had passed. On every side of the line by which I approached there were houses unroofed, telegraph poles wrecked, wires torn down. A black speck fluttered now and again over a desolate expanse of white as a prairie-chicken scoured the snow in vain for food. Cars ten feet deep in snow were being dragged out by tractors and horses. With all the resources of an unsurpassed mechanical civilization at hand, the people of a State as big as England had been cut off from the rest of the United States for two days and three nights.

Idaho's occasional physical isolation from the United States is matched by permanent psychological isolation from the world outside the United States. That is the first thing to remember in any attempt to estimate the character of William Edgar Borah, permanent representative of Idaho in the United States Senate since 1907. The inhabitants of Idaho represent an American tradition that in New York has come near to being destroyed, that is moving beyond the Middle West to the Farther West in proportion as Chicago and other towns of the Middle West become metropolitan in type. They represent an America that is forgotten outside America. And in more than the purely political sense William Edgar Borah represents them.

Lord Derby, I think instinctively and I feel sure unconsciously, admitted this when, some ten years ago, he invited Senator Borah to come to Knowsley and see for himself that the English were not such ogres as he was thought to believe them to be. The invitation

stamped Borah as a symbol of his country more permanent than Presidents, the inviter as a man whose judgment was sound. Roosevelts may come and Hoovers may go, but Borah goes on for ever. In the American mind he is ranged with Lindbergh and Mark Twain; in American newspapers he shares pride of place with Governments, and his is often the lion's share. I well remember the occasion, soon after the moratorium which put an end to Reparations, of M. Laval's visit to President Hoover at the White House. After their meeting there was given out a statement which carried all the weight of an official declaration of American policy on war debts. It received much less attention than a statement on war debts which Senator Borah had chosen at that moment to make himself.

As in the case of the late Huey Long, though in a different way, the first impression of Borah belies the second. He is physically a rugged man, with a mane of hair parted in the middle, a heavy face above a severe black tie, a large loose frame clothed in a black suit that is as likely to be threadbare as not. But, instead of the roar that incomplete reports of his speeches have led English visitors to expect, this lion-like man has a voice that is gentle, and manners that are charming and shy.

There is nothing shy about Borah, however, when there is a fight to be fought. And that is almost every moment of his working life. He began to fight some forty years ago. He comes of fighting stock. He was born in Fairfield, Illinois, in 1865 of an Irish Protestant mother and a Pennsylvania German father who traced his descent back to Martin Luther's wife. From Illinois he went west as a youth to the University of Kansas; at Lyons, Kansas, he was admitted to the Bar. Kansas providing no great living for a young lawyer, he set out West again, towards Seattle and the Pacific Coast. Half-way there—so the story goes, and it is a story true in spirit and possibly in fact—he stopped at what was then the little frontier town of Boise, Idaho,

and went into the courthouse to hear a case being tried. The case was important, but the counsel were drunk. Borah decided to stay. If drunken lawyers could get good cases in Boise, there was hope for a young man who was both vigorous and sober.

Hope justified itself. Boise at that time was what is known in American vernacular as a " wide-open " town, which means that every sort of legal and illegal excess flourished. Borah joined in a campaign, which was successful, to make Boise law-abiding, and so commended himself—though that was not his intention—to the law-abiding citizens. As a mining company's lawyer, he successfully prosecuted the leaders of the silver mine riots at Cœur d'Alène, and so commended himself—though that was not his intention—to the vested interests. In the meantime he had married the State Governor's daughter.

In 1902 he contested, unsuccessfully, his first Federal Senate election. He was returned to Congress at the next election, in 1906, and has been regularly returned there at the regular four-year intervals since. His defeat to-day would be as unthinkable as a defeat of Mr. Lloyd George in Carnarvon Boroughs.

Nominally and constitutionally, Borah speaks in the United States Senate for the people of Idaho. In practice he speaks for the whole of the farming West and for himself. If he thinks it right to do so, he speaks against his State. It was thus that, in opposition to protectionist Idaho, he voted against the Tariff Bill.

Such independence is easier in a State in which seventy-five thousand votes are enough to make election certain. Had the path of independence been more difficult, however, Borah would still have followed it. He is one of Nature's independents and—strange, but true commentary on a representative man—one of Nature's individualists. That is why there is every outward sign of inconsistency in his career. He led the fight against American entry into the League of Nations—

and proposed the Washington Conference and sponsored the Kellogg Peace Pact. He has been the constant critic of what some Americans call "foreign entanglements"—and favoured American recognition of the Soviet Union. He has opposed regulation of child labour—and drew up the Bill which created the Department of Labour and gave the Secretary of Labour Cabinet rank. He has attacked the expenditure of Federal money on relief to ex-Servicemen—and attacked the bankers who attacked this expenditure along with him. He rarely sees foreign visitors to Washington–and protested strongly against the exclusion of Count Karolyi and Mr. Saklatvala and against the spy-mania which raged in America, as in England, during the War.

In part, of course, the passage of time explains some of these anomalies. Borah has been in the Senate nearly thirty years; he has there outlived six Presidential terms and may easily outlive a seventh. After eight years as Chairman of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee he so far departed from his isolationist stand as to say that "if France would put out a programme that points towards the rebuilding of Europe, she would find the United States extremely interested."

But in greater part the apparent inconsistencies in Borah's actions are not so much inconsistencies as the varying facets of his own particular philosophy. That philosophy is protestant. That is to say that it is based in the last analysis on the view that the individual is likely to be right and the society likely to be wrong. Borah distrusts regimentation; he dislikes what he has called "that meddlesome, irritating, confusing, undermining, destructive thing called bureaucracy"; and he believes that "the most valuable additions made to legislation have been enactments destructive of preceding legislation."

The logical conclusion of such philosophy would be anarchy. As, however, logical conclusions would be irrational in a fallible human world, Borah's conclusion

is a rational compromise. The compromise is best expressed in his comments on a proposal for American co-operation with Europe. "I have never," he said, "opposed co-operation in a grave emergency. What I have opposed from the beginning is any commitment of this nation to a given line of procedure in a future exigency the facts as to which could not be known before the event." The compromise is implicit in his opposition to the World Court, which he opposes not because he disapproves the idea of a World Court as such, but because, "if you are going to have a real Court, you must first have a body of law under which that Court will operate; not the broken pieces of statutes and customs and habits, and the opinions of scholars found in books, but a code agreed upon and accepted by the nations of the world."

Borah is a good, if generally somewhat gloomy orator. "William," Mrs. Borah once remarked, "would get much more out of life if there were not so many pleasant things in the world." But there has been cause for gloom in many of the subjects on which he has spoken; and there is in his speeches much more of sound sense than is apt to appear in the fragmentary and sometimes misleading reports which are cabled across the Atlantic. His countrymen know that. Because of that fuller knowledge and because his gloomy view of the world outside tends also to be theirs, they pay attention to what he has to say. Because they also know that his views are always his own views and not the views of some company he has been paid to represent, they also respect him.

Borah has attacked almost every section of his fellow-countrymen at some time—the socialists and the conservatives, the jingoes and the pacifists, the nationalists and the internationalists—and offended none. He has voted often against the Republican Party to which he owes nominal allegiance; and has never, even at the height of his enthusiasm for Theodore Roosevelt,

attempted to break away from it. For these two reasons he is one of some three or four possible candidates for nomination as Republican candidate in the Presidential elections this year. In the "straw vote" held by Republican Party officials last summer he led easily.

There are many reasons why he may not be finally chosen. One is that the State of Idaho is not a good State for Presidential candidates; its population is too small for its representative to be able to start the electoral ball rolling with a substantial following. Another is that Senator Borah himself is not, from the party point of view, the best of candidates: a Senator who believes that "a public man should not be bound by his party on big or fundamental questions" fits ill in a party machine; a man who has spent his life more in speech and obstruction than in action and conciliation is unlikely to have developed the qualities required in executive office.

But, if Borah should be chosen as Republican candidate, there could be no better time for him to run. President Roosevelt's "new deal" has favoured him in every way. The "money-changers" and the opportunists have been discredited, perhaps more than they deserve, ever since Mr. Roosevelt trounced them in his inaugural speech three years ago. Borah is neither. His honesty is recognized by all men. He lives frugally and works hard, in a small flat whence he rarely goes out to the social functions that, in the opinion of a still Puritan West, are the beginning of a politician's damnation. In 1924, when the Senate voted itself an increase in salary, Borah refused to accept it. He had, he declared, been elected at $7,500 a year by his constituents, and until and unless they re-elected him at $10,000, he would not take $10,000. He does not, or did not, possess a motor car—a real distinction in a land where even the children have long had their own motor cars. He does not smoke and does not drink. He opposed Prohibition in principle, but insisted that so long

as Prohibition was the law, Prohibition must be enforced.

Some of those qualities are not such as would commend a candidate to an English electorate. They do recommend a candidate to the Western American electorate, and, since the reforming enthusiasm of the "new deal," to a large proportion of the Eastern American electorate as well.

In oddly unlike manner, the "new deal" has also recommended men like Borah to manufacturers and to small shopkeepers; to conservative citizens in distant States who are jealous of their States' constitutional rights and to the traditional liberals who still see America's only hope of salvation in the anti-trust laws. The manufacturers and shopkeepers applaud him for his opposition to the regimentation of the "new deal." The conservative citizens regard him as a bulwark against the executive centralization that President Roosevelt would have to enforce fully to carry out his plans; the liberals rely on him to counter the trustification of industry which has been a foreseeable but none the less unexpected consequence of regulation of industry.

If Borah should ever be elected President of the United States, there would be no cause in that fact for alarm lest America dissociate herself for ever from projects for Anglo-American understanding. He has opposed British policies and would, doubtless, oppose some of them again. But, representative American though he is, in temperament he is nearer to the Englishman than he would be willing to admit.

BRITANNICUS VIATOR.

And Now—Africa

By Frank Melland

IN the 'eighties, I can remember, paper-boys selling the evening paper used to attract custom by shouting "Imperial Parliament" when Parliament was sitting. To-day such a call would not coax coppers from the public. Yet it is still the Imperial Parliament, as we were recently reminded by the historic debates on India.

The first National Government will always be associated with India: is it too much to hope that the second will find a niche in history for constructive and preventive work in Africa?

Our colonial empire, consisting of 1,850,000 square miles, is scattered over the world, but nine-tenths lies in tropical Africa. Of that part the biggest compact bloc is the East African section, stretching from the Nile to the Limpopo. There are four main points on which clear definitions of policy in East Africa should be enunciated—Closer Union, Finance, and Lines of Future Development. These necessarily overlap, but are sufficiently distinct to be dealt with separately.

Closer union in East Africa has been frequently discussed since about 1916. The present writer and the late Major C. H. Stigand both advocated it the moment it seemed likely that the removal of German dominion in an intervening part of the area would bring it within the range of practical politics. Major Stigand, with his greater knowledge of that territory, wished to include the Sudan. I left it out, and still propose to do so, for the inclusion of a condominium under Foreign Office control does not yet seem feasible. There remain Uganda, Kenya, (possibly British Somaliland), Zanzibar, Tanganyika Territory (the Mandate specifically allows for its inclusion, subject to certain conditions), Nyasaland, Northern Rhodesia, and, with her consent, the self-governing Colony of Southern Rhodesia. The possibilities of a closer union between most of these territories was the subject of the report by the Hilton Young Commission in 1929, and of the supplementary report

by Sir Samuel Wilson which would probably have led to some form of union had not a change of government intervened.

After that there was the Joint Select Committee of the two Houses of Parliament in 1931. That achieved little, and all that has been done has been the creation of a postal and a customs union between three territories; some tentative co-ordination in railway services; and increased activity of the Governors' Conference, a consultative and advisory body with no executive powers.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, during his brief tenure of the Colonial Office, wrote a dispatch stating that the Government was not in favour of closer union, basing unconvincing arguments on the findings of the Joint Committee and the fact that certain sections of the community are averse from the change, owing to fear of consequences against which there could undoubtedly be safeguards. If reforms had to wait for unanimity among diverse interests there never would be any reform, and Mr. J. H. Thomas has had sufficient experience to realize that.

The main recommendation of the Hilton Young Commission was against a union of the whole group—from the Sudan border to the Zambezi—and in favour of two groups, Kenya–Uganda–Tanganyika and Northern Rhodesia–Nyasaland. This view was based largely, though not entirely, on the lack of adequate communications. The possibilities of air transport were not in any way foreseen, nor was the aeroplane mentioned. Personally, I have always preferred the idea of a union of the whole, there being no natural boundary between Tanganyika and either Nyasaland or Northern Rhodesia. The Anglican diocese of Nyasaland stretches far into Tanganyika and the Protectorate's transport system taps part of the Mandated Territory's traffic, while a section of Northern Rhodesia depends on Tanganyika Railways and the port of Dar-es-Salaam for its transport. These were my views as far back as pre-Armistice days. Since then air

transport has largely eliminated the twin obstacles of great distances and bad communications.

However, the consensus of opinion is against a general union of the East African colonies on the grounds that it would be going too fast, and one must bow to the views of the majority. There is, however, now, whatever may have been the case in the past, a strong general movement in favour of closer union between the northern group—Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika and, probably Zanzibar—despite dissentients, chiefly among the Indian community, and with some backing from Europeans and natives, especially in Uganda.

In the southern area there is a distinct move to-day from both Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia for some co-ordination with Southern Rhodesia—linked as they are by trade and currency, served by inter-territorial railways, roads and airways and using the same port. That Colony, although for obvious reasons less anxious than the two Protectorates for the speedy realisation of this union, is not at all unfriendly to the idea.

The future of all these territories hangs to a large extent on action being taken. Eighteen years have passed since the idea was first mooted; six years since the Hilton Young report; and there has been nothing but drift.

Meanwhile not only have airways and roads opened up communications, but fresh links have been forged by vast mineral discoveries in all the territories except Nyasaland, and a certain uniform tendency has developed in indirect rule and in the encouragement of native growing of economic crops for export. The disadvantages of inter-territorial rivalry and of unnatural frontiers have become more pronounced: to mention different types of examples—the Kenya and Northern Tanganyika gold-fields are all one, the Masai native reserve is cut in two by a line drawn on the map, while further south the tobacco-growing industries of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland have agreed to pool their interests. The need for co-ordination has become more and more apparent, yet Whitehall and Westminster remain silent.

* * *

All our East African territories are primary producers, first and last, and consequently they felt the depression, following an unhealthy boom, in its most acute form. On the top of this came years of locusts and of drought. In addition, there is heavy interest at 5 and 6 per cent on loans raised on the Colonies' behalf by the Crown Agents when commodity prices and rates of interest both ran high. These loans are irredeemable for many years, forming a heavy burden on the colonies' resources and a check on their recovery—which is essential to Britain, who takes their produce and has in them a vast potential market for her manufactures.

Despite these intolerable burdens all the territories have weathered the storm, but at great cost. What are miscalled " unessential services," because they are not immediately productive of revenue, have been scrapped or starved : in some cases only resulting in checking progress, but in others doing irremediable damage. Retrenchments and cuts in emoluments have been made on a big scale, while the population has been taxed beyond the limit of economic endurance.

There are insuperable difficulties in the way of tampering with the terms on which loans were issued, but other means of alleviation are available and have not been used. There is the Colonial Development Fund, but (except in the case of the Lower Zambezi bridge and the railway extension for Nyasaland) it has been used in niggardly fashion. Since the Fund was inaugurated in 1929 schemes totalling £4,830,333 have been approved; but the actual amount issued up to March 1935 is only £2,972,826. The whole of East Africa in all these years has received loans of £444,350, grants of £1,286,176, making a total of £1,730,526 in six years. It seems out of proportion compared with, say, the beet subsidy.

There is need for greater generosity, loans interest-free for some years to come, to compensate for the high interest on other loans; wisely allocated, such help would prove a remunerative investment. There are many other ways in

which relief could be given as, for instance, by shouldering part of the disproportionate subsidies which these territories are called upon to pay to Imperial Airways.

Here and there different governors propound schemes which, when funds are available, they hope may materialise to the benefit of their territories; commissions manned by experts investigate proposals and report on favourable possibilities, but little is done. Work of all kinds on practical measures is held up. Such work is the attack on soil erosion, which Sir Daniel Hall reported on in 1929 as brooking of no delay, an opinion since endorsed by the Morris Carter Commission and others. Likewise research on major products, like coffee and sisal, on health and its allied problems is partly held up, and so are transport development—the sister of production—education, etc. Government seems to have no definite policy, contenting itself with petty, piecemeal grants which afford little more than local relief. A bold, long-term, wide-spread policy is called for, and the provision of funds for it on easy terms. This would be rendered immeasurably easier, besides being safer and probably fairer in distribution, by having a co-ordinating authority under closer union.

This is just as much an Imperial duty as the relief of unemployed, or grants for roads and subsidies for shipping or agriculture in Britain. The colonies have every bit as good a claim on the British taxpayer, and on British credit, as anything at home. If trusteeship means anything, our wards need help as well as our children. And it must be borne in mind that they cannot turn out a government which is considered unsatisfactory as can be done, and is done, in the Dominions. They can only look for help to us.

* * *

For better or for worse East Africa is definitely committed to a policy of native development side by side with European development. I think it is for better; which, granted proper safeguards, was also the opinion of

the Hilton Young Commission : " Non-native settlement not only promotes the development of the territory for the benefit of the world as a whole, but leads to greater prosperity in the advantages of which the natives share." More recent corroboration of this view can be found from another impartial source, a book by an anthropologist and an administrator* published this year for the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures, dealing with the Iringa District of Tanganyika, in which it is stated that not only do the natives not resent European settlement, but would regret its abandonment.

The provision of some educational and medical services for the natives in Northern Rhodesia, which has only been made possible by the development of the copper belt, affords another example of the inter-dependence of the races.

But even those who deplore all white settlement and development must admit that it is a fact. Beyond that admission, however, there is as yet no real definition as to policy—as to how much European development is to be encouraged and assisted. Much less is there any attempt at uniformity. On this latter point it is admitted that detailed uniformity can never be achieved between the different territories, but this is no real obstacle to closer union or co-ordination of policy, because in any one territory the same radical differences occur. The European Highlands of Kenya are as distinct from the Northern Frontier Province or the Coast Province as they are from Uganda, where mining developments may provide some parts with a close affinity before long. Likewise the copper-belt of Northern Rhodesia is as divorced from Barotseland or the north-eastern plateau as it is from Nyasaland.

Closer union would very possibly lead to local self-government in smaller and better defined areas than at present, and would thus help, and not hinder, a satisfactory evolution. The main points to be decided are

* Anthropology in Action. By Dr. Gordon Brown and Mr. Bruce Hutt.

how far, in what direction, and on what lines European enterprise is to be fostered; how this is to fit in with and assist the development of the native races; and what forms that development is to take.

Hitherto development has been largely dependent on the exigencies of revenue. At one time (except in most parts of Uganda) wage-earning was chiefly encouraged: porterage, work on European estates, and—mostly in Nyasaland and in Northern Rhodesia in pre-copper days—by export of labour. Now there has been, still largely influenced by budgetary considerations, a big swingover to the growing for export of economic crops, which provide money for taxes and, by increasing purchasing power, swell the customs revenue. Uganda was in the van; Tanganyika is catching her up with a "Grow more crops" campaign. Kenya has performed somewhat of a *volte-face* to follow suit, Nyasaland plans an intensive campaign on similar lines to pay the interest on her new railway and bridge.

Yet, simultaneously with this great campaign has come the development of the gold-fields, carrying with it, probably, the salvation of these territories by giving them a new non-agricultural source of wealth which will spread the average less precariously than hitherto and will provide the internal market, so far lacking, for produce. But it will also make big demands on labour, and labour will flock to it at attractive wages, for the native is, generally, venturesome and likes to see a new world. Besides this he has learned to want money to spend.

How is this to be combined with an ever-increasing production of economic crops plus the need for growing enough for the natives' own subsistence (until we arrived they were all self-supporting and are still nearly so, the depression by itself having led to no famine, having called for no dole), and also continue to help till the European plantations, on which capital, toil and infinite patience have been spent? This organisation of man-power, a basic problem, is one concerning which no Government,

Imperial or local, has yet spoken clearly. Our policy needs formulating before the problem grows acute and it should be declared by the Secretary of State. This is, in my opinion, one of those problems which should be carefully explained to the natives, their opinions being listened to and their assistance in its solution sought. It is, of course, not a question of forcing natives to work, but of steering voluntary energy and power into the best channels.

Then comes the big matter of education in which are included all lines of " growth " : a really vital problem that has not been, but must be, tackled. There has been much loose talk about steering clear of a purely clerical education, of teaching crafts and improved agriculture and animal husbandry, of training assistants in medicine and hygiene. These are the well known slogans for avoiding the manufacture of imitation Europeans and of evolving better Africans. But no one has yet decided how much of the old indigenous education is to survive and how much our own educational ideas, so constantly being modified over here, are to be used; we have not yet decided the main problem as to whether the African social fabric—the indigenous civilisation—can be preserved and built up, or whether it must be scrapped and replaced by the western model, nor how the former or the latter can fit in with the Europeans established in the midst of these wards of ours.

Vaguely it appears to be recognised now by all but a very few, who are relics of a bygone age, that the races are complementary and not antagonistic : that native development will not make untenable the white man's position, nor create unemployment with its resulting " poor white " population, but will, rather, act in exactly the opposite direction. Even in the most advanced section of the whole of this area, Southern Rhodesia, a British offshoot of South Africa, ideas on these lines which would have been hooted down in pre-war days are now more or less generally accepted; but nowhere in the Colonial Office group has a clearly defined policy been enunciated. This is a matter that in such a fast-moving area cannot any

longer be shelved. Drift is dangerous when the tide is racing.

Except for Southern Rhodesia, self-governing under the Dominions Office and with a Prime Minister who knows his own mind and is not afraid to face facts, the whole of Eastern Africa looks to the Colonial Office for a lead, and is entitled to it. So far under the National Government nothing has been done; *laissez faire* has held sway. (If it has not, the fault for such an inference lies with Downing Street for keeping silent.) Britain really does care. The remarkable interest recently displayed on the question of the South African Protectorates testified to that. It is time that the Colonial Secretary asserted the importance of his high post and roused Parliament and the nation to real enthusiasm about our great possessions.

The turn of the Socialists to rule this country and the Empire will come some day. Had it come in November, the inchoate state of East Africa would have enabled them to make dangerous experiments. Now that the National Government has got an extension of power, it is imperative that it should erect on firm foundations a sound structure which will already have begun to work well and equitably before it is replaced. The opposition would deserve well of the country if they could put this question above party considerations and give constructive help in working at our colonial problems, which are just as much their responsibility as that of those on the government benches.

Thanks to those who have gone before we have the lion's share of Africa. It is for the present generation to prove worthy of it. The old jingo imperialism is dead, but there is inspiration in a new imperialism of responsibility and of just and thoughtful stewardship. It is a task for all men of good-will, no matter what their party, who share in this heritage.

The lead, however, must come from the Government, and particularly from Mr. Thomas, who must put the Colonial Office " on the map."

Mrs. Susanna Hopton

By G. I. Wade

IT has always been known, ever since Bertram Dobell published the romantically-recovered MS. in 1908, that Thomas Traherne had written his exquisite "Centuries of Meditations" for a woman friend. Therein, indeed, lay no small measure of their charm; for intended in the first place for no eye but her, there was a total absence of self-consciousness, an ease in the flow of thought, an intimacy and a tenderness that made this work, half devotions, half autobiography, unlike anything in our literature. But the identity of the lady whom Traherne loved in the superexalted platonic mode which men and women achieved with comparative frequency in the seventeenth century, has hitherto been a mystery. We knew from allusions in the "Centuries" that Traherne and she were sundered by "a hundred miles"—which is almost the exact distance of London from Hereford; that this book was begun to console her, and him no less, for the pain of absence; that she was wealthy and charitable; and that she was extremely devout. More than this we could not guess; any more than the identity of the friend who cherished for twenty-five years after Traherne's death the MS. of his ardent "Contemplation upon the Mercies of God," and then preserved it for all time by having it printed; or the identity of the lady for whom was written the original devotions which Philip Traherne, the poet's brother, revised and published in 1685. But now it is an established fact that the unknown person in the two latter instances was Mrs. Susanna Hopton; and there is a mass of evidence to show that she, too, was the lady of the "Centuries."

Thus, as Traherne's patron and personal friend; one who shared his religious enthusiasms; one who was distantly connected with him by marriage, Philip Traherne having married her only niece—Mrs. Susanna Hopton catches the reflex of our interest in Traherne; but, indeed, apart from her connection with that strange,

attractive poet-mystic whose human life is still all too dimly discernible, Mrs. Susanna Hopton is a woman of strong and vital personality who is well worth knowing for her own sake.

She was born in 1627, in Staffordshire, of one of the numerous families of Harveys that all through this period were steadily rising in wealth, importance, and rank. The Harvey men were in the iron trade, and "Turkey merchants." They were adventurous and persistent and pugnacious; and worldly success came to them in many fields. Someone in want of a plot should look up the history of the Harvey Lord Mayor of London, whose only daughter, the child of his old age and then barely fourteen, was coveted by the King, James I, as a wealthy bride for his worthless favourite Villiers, and should re-tell the tale of the old man's dangerous battle of wits against King and Court, and the victory of obstinate love over greed. That was the stock Susanna Harvey came of; and she inherited her full share of the family pugnacity and shrewdness. Born of middle-class parentage, she was not highly educated; but she could read and write; she had a tenacious memory; and she had a most acute intelligence; thus, though she herself regretted it, the fact that she was "never bred in Scholastick education" proved no serious handicap.

In the stormy times of Charles I she was a militant Episcopalian and a militant Royalist. When the Puritan party defeated both Church and Charles, and abolished the one and beheaded the other, Miss Harvey, perhaps with a spice of defiance, and wholly in her own forthright fashion, marked her extreme aversion from the Puritan sects by going over to Roman Catholicism, and her aversion from the Parliamentarians by acting as a secret agent for the defeated Royalists. Her husband-to-be had been a prominent Parliamentary officer in Herefordshire; but like many others he had little dreamed when he took up arms against the King to what lengths the struggle would go; and on Charles's execution he was

thenceforth to be counted a Royalist. He was a very gallant soldier, of great dash and recklessness, much loved by his men; and he turned these talents to secret service work, collaborating with Mistress Susanna Harvey. Sometime in the period before the Restoration these two were married, well-matched in courage and loyalty; and to the end of their long life together Richard Hopton and his " ould Sue," as he sometimes called her, seem to have been a perfectly happy pair.

On the Restoration, Mrs. Hopton returned to the Church of England, and Richard reaped the reward of his services to the Crown in lands and leases in Herefordshire, and an appointment to a chief justiceship on the Welsh circuit. The Hoptons were henceforth people of very considerable wealth and of great importance in the affairs of Herefordshire. They had several establishments, but lived chiefly at Kington, which is only fifteen miles from Credenhill, where Thomas Traherne was rector.

Mrs. Hopton had always taken religion seriously, if somewhat pugnaciously; and on her return to the Church of England she apparently determined that in her personal religious life she would use no half-measures. Nothing is in stronger contrast with our own day than this fairly-general attitude of the seventeenth century, that a lukewarm religion is worse than no religion. Traherne and Mrs. Hopton are typical of the many who took a religious life as seriously and as whole-heartedly as a modern scientist takes his researches, and with the same conviction of its rationality. In time, with Mrs. Hopton's thoroughgoing spirit, her house became the centre of a " Family," one of those religious societies that are an as yet unexplored feature of seventeenth-century Protestantism. Members of a " Family," while in the world and of the world, lived by rules of conduct as strict as those of the cloister, binding themselves to such observance by vows, and leading a life of the utmost piety and selflessness. The community of Nicholas Ferrar at

Little Gidding is well known; but there were countless others, and one certainly in Herefordshire, of which Mrs. Hopton—and in all probability both Thomas and Philip Traherne—were moving spirits. Spinckes, a friend of hers, has left on record an account of her way of life; and whatever else we think of it, we cannot but admire its gallant thoroughness.

> For she was well known to keep up a constant Course of Devotion, not only in herself, but in her Family, and not only on the Lord's Day, but throughout the whole Week, setting apart five times every Day for religious Worship; from which she would not suffer herself to be diverted by any Business that was not very extraordinary. Even in her old Age, and the cold winter Season, she would be up, and in the Closet at her Mattins, by four of the Clock in the Morning. From which Customs she was for a long time not to be discouraged, either by the Effects of her declining Age or by the Extremity of Weather. . . . Tho' some time before she died she was prevailed with to forbear till five or six.
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> She neither indulged herself in Diet nor sleep, but contented herself with less in both respects than those about her judged convenient for her, so much was she above gratifying the Flesh. . . . She was a constant Observer of not only the Feasts, but Fasts, of the Church, and was much scandalised at the generality of those who profess themselves Members of the Church of England for showing no more regard to such Days. . . .

One wonders what Richard Hopton thought of all this. As a busy judge, as administrator of his brothers' as well as his own scattered properties, and as one involved in considerable litigation, he could hardly have followed so exacting a régime, even if he had the desire to do so; which one doubts. Richard Hopton had too keen an eye for the main chance to have in him the makings of a mystic. One revealing little prayer of Mrs. Hopton's which unintentionally escaped into print, a prayer too intimate to be quoted here, shows the gulf between them in spiritual ideals and outlook. It was to someone such as Thomas Traherne that she must look for understanding and help in the deepest interest of her life.

But Mrs. Hopton's time was by no means wholly

given over to the performance of religious duties. She had a very wide circle of friends, and in particular of clergy of the more militant stamp. She read with great gusto all the chief controversial books on the questions then in hot debate between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches; she read both sides, though an ardent partisan, and enjoyed keenly the verbal sword-play. She also debated these matters with her clerical friends, and became herself an authority on all these controversial questions, " not much inferior to the best Divines," as the learned Dr. Hickes once remarked. Towards the end of her life she was an equally militant non-juror; and she showed her displeasure with Philip Traherne, who took the oath to William and Mary, by pointedly omitting him from any legacy at her death.

Mrs. Hopton found time not only for reading and discussion, but also for a certain amount of writing. Nothing we have of hers is original work; her literary efforts were confined to compiling devotional anthologies (" Daily Devotions," 1673) or adapting the devotional works of others, (" Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices Reformed by a Person of Quality." Second edit., 1701). She must also have spent a considerable amount of time in laboriously making her own copies of works circulating, as they frequently did at that time, in MS. These literary interests of Mrs. Hopton's have proved of the greatest value to us; for we owe to them the preservation of at least three of Traherne's manuscripts which came into her hands.

Most of these activities of Mrs. Hopton's—devotional, polemical, literary—were direct expressions of her religious energy; but she was also too practical, too well-balanced and too shrewd to neglect her home or her worldly interests. Her Will, which may be seen in the Probate Office at Llandaff, is a very human record of a house-proud mistress of a well-appointed home, one who knew her linen press and dairy and kitchen no less well than her drawing-room. Listen to her here: " I give to

my faithful servant Hester White £100 . . . my great Still, and all my linen except my diaper, six pair of holland sheets and four pair of Pillowbeers, two pairs of ordinary sheets, and all my silver spoons, the jack in the Kitching, the Spittle . . . all my Brass except my great Dairy Kettle . . ."; or here, where she is thinking of a humble little cookmaid, who is to receive, among other things, "all the tin and wooden ware in the Kitching, one ordinary bed and bed-cloaths, the dish-water kettle, piggins, and household spoons. . . ." It is a long Will, as may be imagined, generous and warm-hearted, with friends in every walk of life suitably remembered.

Ballard included a brief biography of Mrs. Susanna Hopton in his "Memoirs of Several Ladies of Great Britain," which, though defective in many ways, supplies this interesting contemporary note :—

> Papists, dissenters, and all enemies to the Church of England she would encounter and confute; for she was an excellent casuist and divine. She had a sound judgment, tenacious memory, and a ready wit. Her discourse and style upon serious matters was strong, eloquent, and nervous; upon pleasant subjects, witty and facetious; and when it required an edge, was as sharp as a rasor. For she knew exactly well what was proper to be said upon any occasion, or in any company. She was a rare manager and economist, and set down every day what she received in, and paid out; and by such care was enabled to be charitable to the poor in the highest degree, and hospitable to her friends in a generous manner.

I shall give in his words, too, the closing chapter of her life :—

> Not long before her death she removed from Kington to Hereford, to the inexpressible affliction of the neighbourhood. . . When she had lived to a good old age, she at last fell sick of a very sharp fever, about the latter end of June, which she bore with uncommon courage, patience, and resignation, and died of it in the faith and communion of the Church of England, and constant to her principles, at Hereford, in the eighty-second year of her age, on the twelfth of July following, about two of the clock in the afternoon, A.D.1709.

By her express wish, her body was laid to rest beside

her husband's within the altar rails of the little parish church at Bishop's Frome, where their memorials are still decipherable.

She reminds one of Mrs. Battle, with a passion for religion instead of whist. She has the same generosity, the same pugnacity, the same hot intolerance of lukewarmness in any shape or form. Whatever Mrs. Hopton did, she did with all her energy, whether it was being a Royalist agent or an efficient housewife or a churchwoman or a Christian.

And how did Traherne come to write those " Centuries of Meditations " for her, penning them exquisitely in the handsome notebook that had been her gift?

Because he loved her, and because, strange as it may seem at first, he also pitied her. He was obscure and poor; she was a wealthy great lady; yet he pitied her for her poverty, and the urgency of his desire to share with her his own riches beats strongly through his pages. Our knowledge of Mrs. Hopton deepens the personal significance of many a passage in the " Centuries "; and the contrast between these two throws into relief Traherne's magnificent spirituality. It is after all the finest tribute we possess to the essential nobility of Mrs. Hopton's character that such a man as Traherne could love her with such a quality of love, and that the friendship between them should be so frank and full and unself-conscious as we see it in the " Centuries of Meditations," which were written for the most part solely for her—yet which in all probability she never had the joy of reading.

Tramp Voyage

By John Allen

I AM unwilling to remedy the misconception that life on board a tramp steamer is intolerably rough. When my good and bad deeds come to be counted neither heroism nor common or garden physical courage will figure largely, and here, by recording that my three months on board a tramp were three vigorous months among vigorous full-hearted men and not a period of unmitigated hardships through which I came unscathed only by reason of my own unquenchable spirit, I am destroying my first and what will probably be my only claim to valour. But the truth must be told. There was no roughing it. The crew of a modern tramp is up against nothing but an excess of what the freest of us often suffer from : intolerable boredom. We are living no longer in the days of windjammers when men went lonely mad and threw knives about. In three months I saw only one fight : the bos'n one night got drunk on the rum that was served every evening with the quinine—for it is potent stuff and he drank both his own share and that of the apprentices who could not stomach this fiery liquor—fought his brother, swore at the rest of the crew and was stopped from further hostilities by cutting his arm open on a broken bottle-neck.

My first experience of the Merchant Service was Cardiff, though of this town I saw little but the street of one thousand nationalities, two thousand unemployed, and three thousand smells, which is Bute Street, so that I was not sorry to get aboard my little grimy tramp where I had signed on as Purser for a shilling a month.

The occasion of leaving Cardiff was an exciting one. The scene in the docks was vivid if only by reason of its excruciating squalor, the leaden grey sky, the lashing rain, and the little waterfalls that streamed from the filth-blocked gutters of warehouses and railway sheds. We had just finished tea when the siren blew to announce our departure.

It was a thing of the devil was that siren. Our Captain was fond of its ultimately authoritative note. I say ultimately advisedly. At first it was only a fierce escape of steam; but after several minutes it developed into a throaty roar that culminated in a diabolical scream. I became well acquainted with this siren when further south we were visited by tornadoes. But for the moment its piercing note heightened the situation, as the pilot in tarpaulins and sou'wester yelled through a megaphone at the men on the foc'sle, as the engine room telegraph clanged, and the foc'sle windlass spat and hissed. The rain was driving almost horizontally, and the coal dust that blackened decks, stanchions, and ladders became thick and sticky. Our stern swung round towards another dock of which little could be seen but a forest of masts and funnels backed by the more solid structure of cranes and coal-tips. We had now completely turned. Several inches only separated us from a large motor vessel. A fender lowered into the gap was squashed as flat as a piece of pastry. We slipped through the lock with mechanical precision, the crew of a French trawler shouting incomprehensible jests as we passed; the siren screamed again; and at last we were in the heaving, foam-flecked channel, driving into stinging wind and a stormy night.

Three days out, however, and all was bright, the sky bluer, the sun hotter, the S.W. trades blowing against us fresh and invigorating. During the day a certain amount of work was done on the ship, apart of course from the actual navigation, though my own experience was that the outward journey was spent in scraping all the paint and varnish off the boat and the return journey in putting it on again. My sympathy went out especially towards the cook, for through the hottest tropical noon he was imprisoned in his little sweltering galley, and, it being a Board of Trade regulation that every man should be provided with a pound and a half of meat a day, even if he did not eat it, there was always plenty to be cooked.

In view of this regulation meat was served at every meal, so that only in such subtle distinctions as porridge for breakfast, pudding for lunch, and jam for the synthetic tea-dinner-supper at five o'clock, did one meal differ from another. If I had gone on the trip to discover and expose mercantile abuses I should immediately have championed the cause of the trimmers who lived all day in the coal bunkers, but at that time I had no appetite for social reform. I was more interested in the native firemen who spent four hours out of every twelve in the furnace room. I would watch them descend to the infernal depths wearing nothing but a pair of trousers, their glistening arms embracing a two-gallon tin of water of which they would drink every drop during their four hours below and of which every drop would be instantaneously sweated from them.

They were fine cheery men on the whole and I used to have long conversations with them about motor charabancs, Camden Town and the prospects for next year's Derby, until they brought the conversation round with inimitable skill to the inevitable subject of my clothes and would beg me if they could have my trousers or my shirt when we were back at Liverpool. I believe they thought a whiteman had a limitless supply of clothes. Some have of course, but not I. There were two more curious things about them; the first an extraordinary predilection for names beginning with " Mac," and the other that ten out of the eleven had lawfully wedded English wives in Cardiff whom they saw two or three days a year and to whom they gave with regular and unfailing loyalty two-thirds of their far from munificent salaries.

At dusk, for the sun sets early in the south, the men would take their pleasures, though the choice was necessarily limited. Round the Steward's cabin there always clustered the group whose conversational horizon was bounded by the relation of amatory adventures in Las Palmas and Hamburg (from which stories I gathered this

last town to be a sailor's paradise), although the Steward himself was not really an erotic man and on occasion could rise to a very good game of chess. As the men talked they wittled coat-hangers out of wood, sewed buttons on their pants, or puffed ruminatively at palæolithic pipes. On No. 4 hatch there was a gramophone, the property of the cook's mate, a musicianly sort of a fellow who could sing sea shanties and accompany them on the banjo. His records included many of the popular classics and I was always amused by the absurd incongruity of the Polonaise in A major ground out in the almost sacred hush of a starry twilight. It was like seeing a Zulu chieftain in Regent street.

The first officer, like many other people and things I encountered, made me ponder much upon our social system. Inability to find a job after his heart on land, had driven him to sea. Culture is a headstrong creature: she will not be cozened. Of all the whitemen and all the natives I met who tried to wear the mask of learning, he was the only man whom one recognized immediately and unmistakably as possessing a mind. He had been to Manchester University and believed that the salvation of mankind lay quite simply in Free Trade, Birth Control, and the Disestablishment of the Church. On all three subjects his eloquence was inspiring and regaled me through many a long evening while he pressed his trousers or japanned his electric fan; but one day he sadly offended my economical sensibilities by paring a whole bar of Lifebuoy soap into a pail of water so that I could wash the paint off my trousers. It was the company's soap, he explained when I expostulated (and for years they have paid a huge dividend).

Ten days out we began to swelter. Meals became insufferable, for the steward refused to open the saloon ports on account of the damp atmosphere which made his brasswork tarnish as soon as he had spent a morning polishing it. The second officer was a real old sea dog used to a hundred and ninety-five days to 'Frisco in a

windjammer. Evidently he cherished a secret pride in his immunity to temperature for not in the fiercest heat would he change his thick blue serge tunic, tightly fastened round his neck, for something cooler, but sat there imperturbably with perspiration trickling down his cheeks.

Shortly before bed I used to go onto the bridge and talk to the officer on the watch. He was nostalgic, young, ignorant, bored, and very charming : a deadly combination. We used to watch the look-out on the fo'c'sle trying to smoke without being seen and often succeeding until a rebellious cascade of tiny sparks betrayed him. Sometimes into the glittering path of the moon another ship would glide. Then we would have a few minutes amusement calling her up with our little morse light, discovering who she was and whither bound. Tramps were always friendly, but liners, whose officers escaped the tedium that smothered the crew of our little thousand-tonner, were not communicative. There is a story of a liner in the Mediterranean that became tired of the repeated calls of a little tramp and eventually flashing back, " What do you want?" was answered " Got a cigarette card, Mister? "

I used to judge my time to leave the bridge with great precision for if I was lucky I met the captain returning from the bathroom, in his pyjamas. Fully dressed in uniform he was a mountain of a man, one of the seventeen stone sort and yards around the waist, but in pyjamas that clung tightly to the almighty contours of his form he was monumental. The effect was intensified by the bottom half of his pyjamas never matching the top. I subsequently learnt that not a night passed without him splitting his trousers as he climbed into bed, leaving the steward to make reparation in the morning. He ate more than any man I have ever seen and celebrated our arrival at Teneriffe by finishing off a huge meal of steak, chops and suet pudding (and it was some suet !), with seven bananas and an infinitude of nuts.

In many ways he should be placed first among my

curios but I think that he is surpassed by Bungie. Bungie was the official undertaker of Freetown, Sierra Leone. When I first visited him he was sitting in the street before his house with a dozen sycophants squatting around him. If you peered beneath the monstrous drooping brim of his panama hat you could see his little greasy double-chinned face screwed into a perpetual grin of affability. At the same time I noticed an inscription on the house behind him—

BUNGIE THE SYMPATHETIC UNDERTAKER
BUILDER FOR THE DEAD
REPAIRER FOR THE LIVING

He was wearing a pair of those black striped trousers that Englishmen wear when they go to the City, and a grey tweed Norfolk jacket. Also he wore a tie to which I must draw special attention for it was, and it still is, to the tie that his fame is anchored. On this occasion it was a blue-spotted neatly tied little bow, but at a funeral its proportions grew. The bigger the deceased (in worldly riches) the bigger the tie. It was black and starched and on what were for him the paramount occasions when a ship brought in some deceased European the tie protruded a foot in each direction with proportionate breadth. Such ships he boarded with the dignity and retinue of an Emperor, though I would not swear that the quality of either was commensurate with the quantity. He surveyed the corpse as a Harley Street specialist might diagnose some monster malady. Nothing was too corrupted for him to touch, no body too swollen but he would squeeze it down till it fitted into the coffin he had prepared, for man was made for the coffin, not the coffin for man. As undisputed king among undertakers I hereby salute and acclaim him!

A vast number of little red brick horrors about the town bear witness to Bungie's former profession of architect. There is still written up on his house

Bungie Builds Beautiful Bungaloes

but he never brought to the craft of the builder or the designer those particular and peculiar talents that have made his latest avocation so bruited. On the other side of the street there was another of his houses on which was inscribed

CORPSES WASHED AND DRESSED READY-MADE SHROUDS GLOVES AND STOCKINGS

for Bungie deals scrupulously in all branches of his trade, and then continues

ALWAYS BE PRAYING FOR A HAPPY DEATH AND A HAPPY FUNERAL BY BUNGIE. EAT AND DRINK GOOD STUFF. SAVE SMALL. BUNGIE WILL DO THE REST. FEAR GOD, HONOUR THE KING, BE JUST TO MANKIND, SAYS BUNGIE. DON'T LIVE LIKE A FOOL AND DIE LIKE A BIG FOOL. EAT AND DRINK GOOD STUFF. UNDERTAKER'S ADVICE. THAT'S BUNGIE.

But although he lived up to his own precepts exemplarily, although he carried his generosity to the point of reckless extravagance, although he was loved by all and respected by the governor himself, his philanthropy and his generosity were not reciprocated; yet his only complaint was a paragraph in a local paper that Christmas:—

"Bungie wishes the Freetown housewives a happy new year. May they find decent new husbands and pay off the credit for the last."

I think Bungie admirably represents the primitive sublimation of death struggling to find its place in the welter of modern morality and custom. His humour redeems what would otherwise be sordid. At one period of my life I worked in the Waterloo Road,

London, and was amazed not so much by the number of funerals that took place but the ceremony with which the coffin was removed from the house, the flowers, the quantities of black crêpe, and the crowds in the street. I do not think that this urge is anything different from the Bungie cult. It is Dionysian brutish man perhaps, but I think it rather preferable to faint-hearted disgust for corpses or anything ugly.

Bungie was unique in being the only pseudo-cultured native I met who was proud of his origin. Every other native was either an out-and-out savage or a hollow imitation of whitemen in everything but the colour of his skin. Athanias Nathaniel Jones, for instance, who kept a shop some miles inland, had the utmost contempt for his own people. His fight to master the refinements of Europeanism was dogged, uncompromising, and rather pathetic. I have a happy memory though of entering his shop after walking for hours through torrential rain and his insistence on driving two immense nails into his sitting room wall on which to hang my dripping garments. As he expatiated on the unrighteousness of the local tribesmen and the godliness of the English his two little velvet-eyed daughters crept timidly into the corner of the room whence I presently heard faint but unmistakable strains of " God save the King."

Freetown is a city in which the children walk the streets in a beautiful undress, in which the girls seek to rouse the passions of the men by dressing themselves in cheap pink, black, and yellow dresses (with lamentable results), by blotching their faces with flour so that they look like millers' daughters (for do not the English women make themselves alluring with white powders also?) and by caking their hair with mud. There are seventy-two churches in the town and on Sundays everyone of them is well attended. When it is raining the population stays indoors playing jazz records on the gramophone or reading Marie Corelli's novels. At all other times they are in the streets. It is interesting to

watch the problems that stagger Europe to-day making themselves felt in a people who are still pendulously balanced between the savages that they are at heart and the civilized human beings that we would have them be.

Take the Kroo boys for instance. When a ship is working down the coast she takes on board fifty of these men to do the unloading and so on. They sleep on the deck wherever they can find a space unoccupied. The genuine Kroo boy was a specimen of as good stock as you could find but he was caught up in the process of racial adulteration that is to-day causing so much trouble throughout the world. The Creoles, a very much inferior race, paid a heavy bribe to the headman who engaged the crew and were taken on under the same conditions as the Kroo boys. So for a time there was a sort of capitalistic tyranny of the headman when Kroo boys and Creoles, good, bad, and indifferent, became a rabble of nondescript mercenaries. And this is precisely what they looked like, for most of them wore what had once been brightly coloured jerseys that were disconcertingly reminiscent of Rosslyn Park and the Old Merchant Taylors.

Jeremiah was the most absolute example I met of the blind determination of the native to beat the Englishman at his own game. He first joined us as a Kroo boy but returned to England as a stoker. It was a memorable vision that I beheld at Liverpool : Jeremiah in a blue serge double-breasted coat thinly striped in white, light grey trousers with brown stripes, brown shoes, and a black bowler pulled well down over his forehead so that his ears stuck out at right angles; his outside breast-pocket displayed a row of highly coloured pencils each securely attached with its own metal clip, though I knew that he could not read or write a word, and as a crowning act of philistinism, as if deliberately to top my amazement, he raised before my eyes a dusky wrist to which was strapped the biggest watch I have ever seen, and asked to be told the time!

It was Jeremiah who originally took me down to the engine room. Big machines are always exciting to watch however unmechanically minded one is, as long as one can see the pistons and wheels and belts whirling round quite openly. I hate a motor car engine. I grudge it being so covered in. But this one was terrific. I could see everything, even the propellor shaft itself, and that was exciting because I knew it was the guts of the whole thing.

It stretched away down a little passage for about thirty feet, so exquisitely rounded, so completely regular that it was sometimes hard to realize that it was revolving fifty-six times a minute. I crept through another little door, crawled between two enormous boilers and was in the furnace room. There were great black shafts down which the trimmers pushed the coal from the bunkers, there were roaring furnaces so hot that they had to be fed with ten foot shovels, massive implements that the firemen handled with a most professional absence of exertion, though I could hardly lift them, there was the little Scotch chief engineer (is there an engineer in the world without Scotch blood in his veins?), and the donkeyman; everywhere the donkeyman. He was the most perpetually miserable-looking mortal I have ever seen, never without his atrabiliar expression and his oil can; everywhere you were liable to find him mouching, the barrenness of his life somehow symbolized in his drooping walrus moustache, the sparsity of whose hairs was amply atoned for by their princely length.

My last memory of this voyage is a game of chess with a Liverpool pilot at half past six in the morning as we idled at the mouth of the Mersey waiting for the flood tide. He beat me as he had said he would in twenty minutes, he told pornographic and not at all funny stories, but like all the men I had met he was a charming fellow. My voyage was ended.

The Modern Man

By Hilaire Belloc

LEST my title should mislead I will restrict it by definition.

I write not of contemporary man in his infinite variety nor even of the modern European, but of the modern man under industrial capitalism—man as he has been formed through long association with industrial capitalism and particularly as he has been so formed in Great Britain—but not in Ireland save in the industrialist north-east corner of that island.

I write of modern man as you see him to-day not only in the streets of London, Birmingham, Middlesbrough and Glasgow and the rest, but in the villages; for the whole of our state has by this time arrived at much the same type of citizen (if citizen he can be called). The countryman has become a townee: to put it more elegantly, he has " acquired the urban mind."

So defined, the modern man would seem to have three characteristics :—

First, he has lost the old doctrinal position on transcendental things which was that of his immediate ancestry and of which the relics continued nearly to our own time.

Second, as a consequence of this he has lost his economic freedom and, indeed, the very conception of it.

Third, there has been produced in him, by this loss of economic freedom, coupled with the loss of the old religious doctrines, an interior conception of himself which moulds all his actions.

Let us develop these three characteristics and see how they are worked up to make the subject of our inquiry: the individual unit of the modern English state.

With all those of my own generation (I am in my sixty-sixth year) I knew extremely well an older generation which was in all ranks of society fixed upon certain transcendental doctrines chosen out of the original body of Christian doctrine inherited from the conversion of

the Roman Empire and its development in the Middle Ages. Though England had been changed in its religious attitude by the great spiritual revolution of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and was positively a Protestant country (as she still is negatively a Protestant country) those ancient doctrines which *were* retained were strongly and, I repeat, always universally held. They included the doctrines of free-will; the doctrine of immortality of the soul ; the doctrine of the Incarnation, that is, the doctrine that God had become Man, which gave to the personality of man an infinite value since it was so regarded by its Creator; and the doctrine of eternal reward and punishment. There was also retained a certain code declaring what was right and what was wrong; for instance, if you had a wife still living it was wrong to marry another wife. It was wrong to take away another man's property in order to advantage yourself. It was wrong for a public man to take a bribe or to blackmail and so forth.

It may be objected by some that the old religious doctrines have been retained into our own day. No: not by the average man as doctrines, that is as certitudes. Some part has been retained, but not the same parts by the mass of men. You will still find a minority attached to one or the other of these doctrines. There is a large body which still holds to the doctrine of immortality divorced from the conception of eternal punishment for wrong-doing—and indeed from any punishment other than that suffered in this life.

The doctrine of the Incarnation has gone by the board. You may count up a large number of men and women who still maintain it, but most of these are in the minority—a small minority, of educated men, at least—outside the Catholic body. Most of them moreover (outside the Catholic body) hold it as an opinion, not as a certitude; moreover, they give to it, each of them, any interpretation they choose, while the masses round them have stopped thinking of the Incarnation altogether, let alone holding it even as an opinion. What does remain of

it is a sort of vague aroma which suggests that a supposed individual "Christ" who may or may not have really existed and who is, anyhow, long dead, provides an excellent model for conduct. This model "Christ" is again a figment of the individual's imagination supported occasionally by his fragmentary recollection of ancient documents in themselves fragmentary.

The doctrine of free-will, though inseparable from practical action, has been battered down. The conception of inevitable tendencies, of an inevitable chain of cause and effect, has superseded it. The code of right and wrong has gone, too, and with it, necessarily, the conception of eternal reward and eternal punishment.

Since a man must worship something there has been substituted for his ancient worship the worship of the community of which he is a member. There has arisen a new religion which is not exactly the worship of the state but the worship of the collective body (formerly called England, now quite commonly called "the Empire"), of which the individual is a member.

That this new worship is vigorous and real may be proved by the test of sacrifice: that which a man worships is that for which he will sacrifice not only his goods but, in extreme cases, his life. The modern man in millions has accepted that sacrifice. The new worship has about it all the appurtenances of a religion in their excess as well as in their normal form—ritual, myth, symbolism. You may deny any one of the old doctrines and few will be shocked, but you may not ridicule the Flag or the Crown, nor interrupt the Two Minutes Silence on Armistice Day; and men carry in their minds symbols, often externalized in the shape of a map or of a picture, representing this "England" or "Britain" or "Empire" which is the object of their worship.

Now as to the second point, the political consequence of this change in religion: it may be more difficult to persuade the reader that there is here a connection between the cause and effect. For with the loss of his old

religion the modern man has also lost the obvious truth that a culture is based upon the philosophy it holds. Yet that truth does remain an obvious truth. If you believe in the transcendent importance and permanence of personality (that is, the immortality of the soul) and in the supreme sanctions attaching to a particular code of morals (that is, Heaven and Hell), you act more or less accordingly. By which it is not meant that the ideal is reached or even maintained, but that it remains an ideal and, therefore, permeates society. Thus, a man to-day most evil in other respects will not betray his own country nor deny the validity of its laws though he will deny the divine authority lying behind those conceptions.

As to the third characteristic, which is the most practically important for our analysis, the effect of all these on the modern man's conception of himself, it has by this time become glaringly apparent.

We note in the first place that with a loss of the sense of free-will the modern man has lost the sense of economic freedom. We note that temporal good has taken the place of other values. We note that the old moral code, which affirmed property as a *right*—not as a mere institution—has disappeared.

The profound truth contained in the phrase " they that take the sword shall perish by the sword " is nowhere more clearly apparent than here. Temporal good means in practice, wealth; and the pursuit of wealth as an end, and as almost the only end, has resulted in the destruction of all those safeguards whereby the individual wealth of the many was guaranteed. As a consequence there has arisen, through the action of unlimited competition, a polity in which a few control the means of production and the many have become wage-slaves under those few. Whether the few who control the means of production will form a stable class or no may be debated. In the immediate past and on into our own day the pursuit of wealth as the supreme good has made the wealth of even the most wealthy unstable. But there are signs that this state of affairs

is ending and that the strongest of those who control the means of production are creating an organization which will render their domination permanent.

A test of all this may be discovered in the conception of "success." That idea is now almost wholly confined to the attainment of a position among those who control the means of production and are to that extent secure.

The derivatives of this strong attitude of mind are as clear as the attitude itself; for instance, in my own trade of writing, success does not consist in writing well but in commanding large sums of money through one's writing. Another derivative more profound in its effect is the sacramental feeling attaching to, *not* great wealth, *not* lumps of money, but the *possession* thereof. It has become difficult or impossible for the modern man to dissociate the conception of virtue and greatness from the possession of much wealth.

But the most practically important derivative of this attitude is the acceptation by the great mass of modern men of a quasi-servile position. The modern man demands, and is at peace in, the regular enjoyment of payments doled out to him by his economic masters at regular intervals—usually at the interval of one week. He is not controlled in his actions by the fear of any ultimate spiritual effect of his actions, but of their effect upon the likelihood of his maintaining or losing this livelihood. He has no objection to plutocracy—still less to its main instrument, a parliamentary system, the special mark of which is the destroying of direct popular action by the pretence of representation. The modern man is astonished to hear that others regard a king or even a despot or aristocracy as representative of the community; but he is willing to submit to the illusion that an assembly of professional politicians is in some mystical way a mirror of his own will. Though they impose upon him (through the orders of their own financial masters or through their own private interests as rich men) laws which he has never demanded and

which he even detests, he accepts the myth that he is only obeying laws he himself has made.

Now it should be clear to anyone who will think lucidly and coldly upon the direction in which all this must move that it is moving towards the re-establishment of slavery. Industrial capitalism, as we now have it, the control of the means of production, distribution and exchange (and the control of the modes therefore by which production, distribution and exchange are conducted) by a few, must mean that the many are compelled to work for the profit of the few. When this state of affairs has produced insufficiency and insecurity, the obvious remedies, if we proceed upon the line of least resistance, would be found in giving to the dispossessed (who have come to form the vast majority of those who were formerly economically free), security and sufficiency on condition that they work under the orders of the few. To be compelled to work not at your own initiative but at the initiative of another is the definition of slavery. Whether slavery shall come first in the form of slavery to the state before it arrive at the final and natural and stable form of slavery to individuals—slavery it still is, and the modern man accepts such slavery in the unshakable belief that it is in the nature of things.

Propose to him economic freedom (which can only co-exist with private property well distributed) and he will tell you that the system is impossible, giving as his reasons all manner of external conditions (such as the rapidity of communication, the concentration of the banking system, the cost of great units of machinery), but having for his real reason the mere experience of his life. He has never known economic freedom. He has not seen it in action; and without experience of a thing, one cannot make a mental image of it.

Now the main political interest of this state of affairs, the political attitude of the modern man, his conception of himself as a unit in society and his conception of society as a whole, lies not so much in the fact that the

modern man is heading for slavery as in the fact that he is heading for the consequent decline of our civilization.

That consequence can only come by degrees, even if the degrees be rapid in their succession.

In the first flush of any social system when it has reached its term and its perfection, it works smoothly as a machine and gives high results. One sees that not only in the economic but in the political sphere. When political action by public meeting and debate has been transformed into the rule of one man, that rule works at first more efficiently than did the state of things before the change. Men always welcome the temporary relief of a change which has displaced a thing grown old and fallen out of gear. A properly organized Servile State, the units of which pursue their activities under carefully considered control imposed upon them, would provide a new security and a new sufficiency pleasing enough after the insecurity and destitution of the old broken-down social machinery inherited from days of freedom; but there attach to servile conditions certain characters which eventually lead to the progressive lowering of that efficiency which at first it not only promised but realized.

With the loss of multiple choice in the individual you arrive, to begin with, at uniformity.

The loss of multiplicity involves sooner or later the death of artistic choice. It also involves sooner or later the lowering of energy. Social energy is a function of the zest for living. Under uniformity, imposed and controlled, the zest for living declines or disappears. If this is true of material activity, it is still more true of spiritual activity. Anyone may note how the modern man accepts universal statements even when they are flatly contradictory to his own experience. Any man may note by looking round him how this or that object is proposed for hatred or for affection and then—since there is no spontaneity in the emotion—a contradictory

object may be imposed in place of the first: and so on indefinitely.

Modern man has in the short space of half a lifetime expressed a mass of hatred for old President Kreuger, for the very ineffectual former Emperor of Germany, for the judges of Captain Dreyfus in the French Army. He may, by the time these words appear, have been stuffed with a similar mass hatred of the head of the Italian State.

It is customary to ascribe to the influence of the Press the cause of this development, but that is putting the cart before the horse. The Press in its present degradation (and though it may seem impossible to-day, the Press will probably get worse) is but a function of the modern mind. The Press reacts upon the public mind which creates it, as every effect reacts upon its cause, but the chain of cause and effect is not first the Press and then the mentality of the modern urban reader thereof, it is first the modern urban reader thereof with his modern mind and then the Press which is consonant with such material.

The few who have perceived these truths, the few who can contrast the modern man with his ancestry know that the remedy can only be found in a change of philosophy; that is, of religion. They know further that the prime condition which would foster the change would be the re-institution of private property and its extension to a determining number of the community. But those who see this are, I repeat, few. It is their duty to work upon the lines which their knowledge of the trouble suggests, but it is also their duty not to deceive themselves upon the conditions of their task. It is their duty to realize that this task has become exceedingly difficult of achievement, that the difficulty is increasing, and that therefore they must bear themselves as must all those who attempt a creative effort at reform: that is, as sufferers who will probably fail.

Handel's Publishers

By Desmond Flower

HANDEL has often been accused of having had a bad influence on English music in the eighteenth century. His brilliance, it is said, stifled the talents of his rivals; and certainly Arne alone between 1710 and 1750 showed anything more than a pleasant drawing-room talent. But whether he mesmerized our musicians or not, it is certain that Handel was the cause of this country's becoming the centre of European music printing during the fifty years that he lived in London.

England had not been altogether slow in adopting the new styles of music printing which were introduced in Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the work which she produced was certainly very much nearer to first class than the miserable letter-press turned out during the same period. But at the opening of the eighteenth century a growing interest in music, particularly in the newly introduced Italian opera, met with little response from the publishers—except in a flood of sheet music—and the Playfords, who persisted in the seventeenth century habit of setting their music up in movable type, were still the most important firm in the City.

Handel's first visit to England, on extended leave from Hanover, was a brilliant omen of the golden age which was in store for music publishers. He arrived late in 1710, and Aaron Hill, a versatile young man who ran Vanbrugh's new theatre in the Haymarket, immediately commissioned him to write an opera. The result, composed in a fortnight, was *Rinaldo*, and when it was produced for the first time on February 24, 1711, its success was prodigious. For Hill this meant the salvage of his adventures as a manager, which had been so near their end; for Handel it was, first, the beginning of a brilliant career, secondly the opening of a long and often uneasy partnership—for the publication rights were

placed in the hands of a publisher of rapidly increasing repute: John Walsh. Up to that time when an opera was published it was unusual for more than one edition to be required: recent research has identified at least seven editions of *Rinaldo*, and the publishers' profit is said to have amounted to £1,500.

John Walsh went into business in 1692, at the Golden Harp and Hoboy in Catherine Street, Strand; in the same year he was appointed musical instrument maker in ordinary to the King. For the first few years he did little more than imitate Playford's instructional and dancing books, but by 1700 he was enlarging the scope of his business. Most of his work was produced in partnership with John Hare, who had two shops: one at the Golden Viol in St. Paul's Church Yard, and the other at Freeman's Yard in Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange. By the time that they ventured together upon the publication of *Rinaldo*, Walsh had simplified his sign to the Harp and Hoboy, while Hare had given up his shop by the cathedral and christened his premises in Cornhill The Viol and Flute.

In the course of time the partners began to look round for some method of speeding up their production. Printing from type was cumbersome and copper engraving was a lengthy business; furthermore, the rapidity with which the demand for music, and particularly Handel's music, was increasing made the problem acute. The solution was found partly in the Netherlands and partly in their own ingenuity. Instead of engraving the notation on copper, Dutch music-printers were using punches for the notes, though staves and all bows had still to be put in with the graver. The invention of this system is attributed to Estienne Roger of Amsterdam. It had one drawback: copper is so hard that the steel punches had to be given a very heavy blow to impress them sufficiently. This necessity for hard hitting must have prevented the workmen from proceeding with the ease and speed which

the system was designed to effect. It was Walsh and Hare who realised that the plates should be made of softer metal: they chose pewter.

When the partners first introduced this innovation is something of a mystery. Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, says that they "engaged together about the year 1710, to print music on stamped pewter plates"; every other authority accepts 1724 as the date. They may have made experiments before—perhaps with some sheet music—but it was certainly in 1724 that Walsh came to grips with his rivals and copper finally gave way to pewter in the fight.

After *Rinaldo* Handel left England again and travelled by a roundabout route to Hanover. He did not stay long, for by the autumn of 1712 he was back in London with a new opera announced. He had come to stay. *Pastor Fido*, which was produced on November 26, was a deserved failure, but throughout his life Handel was always stimulated by disaster, and by January 10, 1713, he was ready with *Teseo*, which, despite the disappearance of the manager with all the box office receipts, was a great success. But neither opera, apparently, was published, though *Pastor Fido* was printed when Handel rewrote and revived it over twenty years later.

A few years later Handel was considerably annoyed by the illicit circulation of his *Suite de pièces pour le Clavecin*, which he had written probably for the daughters of the Princess of Wales, who were his pupils. His reply was to rally the available forces of the music publishing trade in opposition. He commissioned Cluer, the best engraver in London, to produce an edition which he placed in the hands of another publisher, Meares, and his amanuensis, Christopher Smith, whom he had set up in a music shop. He prefaced this with an announcement that he had "been obliged to publish some of the following Lessons, because Surrepticious and incorrect Copies of them had got Abroad."

Richard Meares, an "ingenious but whimsical man,"

had succeeded to his father's business of instrument making about 1714. The elder Meares was in business opposite the Catherine Wheel, without Bishopsgate, but the son moved to St. Paul's Church Yard, at the sign of the Golden Viol, which was probably John Hare's old shop. He issued a trade card which announced in English, French and Italian: *Musical Instruments, viz., all sorts of Harps, Lutes, Gittars, Violins, Base Viollins, Base Viols, Tenor Violins, Viols d'Amour, Trumpet-Marines, and all other sorts of Musical Instruments curiously made to the greatest perfection by Richd. Meares, at the Golden Viol and Hautboy, in St. Paule's Church Yard, London, where is sold the best French and Italian and Roman strings: also all foreign and domestick Music, printed and sold wholesale and retail.*

Meares entered the publishing business rather in the attitude which to-day we ascribe to the private press. He thought that the great vogue for opera was creating a high-class public which would pay more for its music to have it well produced. His editions were always beautifully engraved on copper—he would have nothing to do with pewter—and printed on very fine paper: in fact copies which I have seen of some of them in their original wrappers, absolutely as issued, untrimmed and unpressed, must rank among the finest printed music in the world.

After the *Suite de pièces* Meares published *Radamisto* for Handel, and, as the opera went on through the season, a second volume of *Arie Aggiunte* to it. Handel took out a patent in his music for fourteen years and Meares added at the bottom of *Radamisto's* title page "N.B. Not to be sold anywhere else in England." However outraged Handel's feelings may have been, the ubiquitous Walsh got hold of the manuscript of Handel's new opera, *Floridante*, which opened the next season in November, 1721; Meares published the *Arie Aggiunte* to it, though he cannot have done very well, for it was a poor opera and failed. That was the end of his connection with

Handel; he reprinted these three volumes occasionally, but he obtained no fresh work from the composer. All the time that he had to give to publishing was taken up with the splendid complete edition of Corelli which he projected. He issued the four sets of Sonatas, Op. 5, and the first and second violin parts of the Concertos: then Walsh and Hare spoiled the project by remaindering an edition of Corelli which they had published themselves, and Meares, his funds and patience evidently exhausted, completed the remaining parts from inferior stamped pewter. That was the end of him as a music publisher. He died in 1730 and, as a final ignominy, his business was taken over by John Walsh junior.

Handel was reluctant to give in to the inevitable, and, rather than return to Walsh, he gave the publication rights of his operas to Cluer, who had printed the *Suite de pièces* for him. Cluer had started life as a dealer in quack medicines, and then took to printing broadsides and half-sheet music. About 1720 he began to publish books of music most attractively produced in a pocket size, and it was in this form that he issued the first opera which Handel gave him. *Julius Cæsar* was produced in February 1724; Senesino surpassed himself in the title rôle, even though he did weep with fright in the middle of his best song one evening when the scenery fell down behind him. But the opera did not do very well. Cluer announced his edition in early May for publication at fifteen shillings; for some reason it did not appear for more than a month, and meanwhile, Walsh, of course, had got in first with a piracy. This omitted Handel's name from the title page and bore a simple imprint: "Printed and Sold at the Musick Shops," but the style of printing proclaims its origin as plainly as if it had "Walsh" stamped on every page. Cluer was furious and inserted another advertisement in the papers on June 6 that his edition was "Corrected and Figur'd by Mr. Handel's own hand; therefore beware of incorrect pirated editions—done on larger Pewter plates."

Walsh was naturally unmoved by this protest and it is not unlikely that he was behind a little incident which occurred in the Autumn. He published Dr. Croft's *Musica Sacra*, printed from pewter plates, and either allowed or persuaded the composer to say in his preface that "this being the first essay of publishing Church-Musick in England, after the manner wherein this performance is done, it may not be improper to take notice of some of the advantages that may accrue to the Science in general from this method of publishing the same"; the main advantage, the Doctor said, was accuracy. Since, quite apart from Cluer's publications, Walsh himself had already published music stamped on pewter—and been accused of hopeless inaccuracy—the appearance of this preface may be not unreasonably taken as a joke on Cluer: and a very successful one too, for it led to *Musica Sacra* being accepted for over a century as the first book printed from pewter.

During the next four years Cluer published all Handel's operas: *Tamerlano*, a triumph, which Cluer sold at sixteen shillings and added: "to render this Work more acceptable to Gentlemen and Ladies, every Song is truly Translated into English Verse, and the Words Engrav'd to the Musick under the Italian, which was never done before in any OPERA"; *Rodelinda*, in which Handel captivated London with his music and Cuzzoni with her brown silk dress; *Alessandro*, a riot, in every meaning of the word, for Faustina and Cuzzoni together treated the town to a miracle of singing and split it hopelessly into two camps; *Admeto*, another triumph; *Richard I*, in which Handel teamed Cuzzoni and Faustina again with disastrous results both to the opera's run and the theatre's furniture; *Scipio*, killed by the *Beggar's Opera*; and *Siroe*, which shared the same fate, and could not be redeemed even by Signora Mignotti appearing as a boy. During these years the fight for supremacy between Cluer and Walsh never ceased.

Cluer preferred copper engraving, but the necessity

for price cutting forced him to use stamped pewter; even so the standard of his workmanship was higher than that of Walsh. The war between these two killed the use of copper finally and perhaps prematurely in this country. The competition had been too much for Meares: Cluer, a keener business man, could hold his own and, furthermore, he had good taste; but in 1728 he died. His widow continued in business with the foreman, Cobb, whom she eventually married. Handel gave them one more opera, *Lotharius*, in 1729, but it was a hopeless failure and the one edition of it is very scarce. Cobb was a fine engraver, who used to do the ornamental title pages when he was in the shop; he ran the Cluer office until 1738, but for some reason he and Handel did no more business.

Distasteful as it may have been, there was no reasonable alternative left to Handel but to place his publishing rights once more in the hands of Walsh, who had shed all his major rivals and established himself as the most important music publisher in Europe. Handel was not the only person with whom he quarrelled, for there was a time when Hare's name was carefully erased from the title pages of new editions, but matters were patched up between them, and about 1720 Joseph Hare joined his father in the partnership.

Walsh senior died in 1736 and his son, who enjoyed the same name, conducted the business in an even more lively manner; besides Handel, he published Corelli, Arne, Pepusch, Bononcini, Pergolese and, as he himself put it, "all the most Eminent Authors of Musick." Father and son were probably very much alike; Hawkins said that Walsh Senior and Hare could not draw up a title page correctly between them; while it is reported that the son used to leave pieces of gold about the shop to see if any of his workmen would steal them. The elder Hare died in 1725 and his son followed him in 1733; and thereafter the younger Walsh continued in business alone, still publishing every opera, oratorio and orchestral work which Handel wrote. It has been said

that he was still paying the composer twenty guineas for each work, but that Handel refused to take so small a sum for *Messiah* and it therefore remained unpublished. This is not true, for there were several editions of the favourite songs from the oratorio, though all of them are extremely rare and of the first only one copy is known. Since the legend is wrong in one respect, it is probably wrong in the other, and it certainly would be strange if Handel, who was no fool in business matters, all his life accepted the same terms which he had received for the publication of his first opera in England. The standard of the younger Walsh's production was higher than his father's had been: the engraving clearer, the paper much better quality. As a rule he did not use the ornamental title pages which both his father and Cluer had favoured, but, for some reason, he adorned Handel's *Deidamia* in 1740 with a galaxy of cherubs struggling with musical instruments much larger than themselves.

All title pages, whether plain or decorated, were printed from two plates; one carried all the wording and the imprint, the other just the title. By this means a standard title page could be used and the name of the particular work which was being printed could be added afterwards in the space left for it. This second little plate was also used on the wrappers of grey paper in which the music was issued. The Walshs had several standard title pages which were numbered in the bottom right-hand corner, but the significance of these figures has never been discovered.

Both the Walshs were entirely unscrupulous in their use of Handel's works, once they had purchased them. Since the music was engraved on plates, each song could be treated as a separate unit and put to any use which the ingenious publisher could find for it. The first publication, issued as soon as an opera or oratorio was put on, was usually "favourite songs" (Italian opera introduced the encore system into England with its consequent concentration on "star" songs). At the

same time the best songs were also sold separately as sheet music. A score, containing all the recitatives and arias, but omitting all choruses except the last, followed. After that the plates were put to a variety of uses: for collections of overtures, of arias, or duets—in fact they were printed in any form from which Walsh thought that he could make a little money. In consequence later editions of the scores are peppered in every corner of the page with different sets of pagination, and Handelian bibliography presents a succession of tangles which modern research is only just beginning to unravel.

Handel died at last in 1759, and the composer of forty operas, twenty-four oratorios and innumerable orchestral and choral works was buried in Westminster Abbey to the strains of Croft. Walsh followed in 1766 and the papers stated that he " was interred with great funeral pomp at St. Mary's in the Strand. It is said he died worth £40,000 "—a fortune £10,000 greater than his father's. It is strange that after his death the business went so quickly to pieces. His successor was William Randall, who was somehow distantly related to the Walshs; he took a partner called Abell, but the association did not last long, though during it the two had the honour of issuing the first complete *Messiah*. The business was not conducted in a very enterprising way, for from Randall's several catalogues we learn that the majority of his publications were old Walsh editions. When he died, sometime before 1781, his widow succeeded him, and she, too, issued a catalogue: it contains 136 separate editions of Handel's works, varying in price from four books of *Handel's Favourite Minuets* at 1s. 6d. each to *400 Select Oratorio Songs* in five parts at ten guineas the set, and, in addition, there is a note to the effect that a " Great Variety of Handel's Overtures, and Opera and Oratorio Songs, printed in single Sheets " could be had. By the turn of the century the old firm and its successors were gone.

So ended, rather ignominiously, the great period of

English music publishing. The Walshs may have been mean, presumptuous and dishonest, but at least they took advantage of Handel's presence in London to build up one of the three most important firms in music history. The Ballards in seventeenth century Paris preceded them and Breitkopf and Härtel at Leipzig followed them, but in the eighteenth century they were unrivalled. For once the printers of Europe looked eagerly to England. Pewter stamping was introduced into France about 1750 with instant success; from France the innovation spread over the border into Germany—to Bonn, then Cologne and eventually Leipzig. After that it was not long before music printing was almost monopolized by that home of printers.

But these developments would perhaps never have come, or been greatly delayed, if Handel had not filled the Opera House and sent the gentry of London home to their beds humming his latest songs. How constant must the procession have been from the narrow house in Brook Street to the Harp and Hoboy in the Strand: sheet after sheet of glorious melody, neatly transcribed by Smith from the composer's boisterous illegibility, sent to keep Walsh's apprentices tapping at their pewter plates, while the worried but delighted publisher hastened to satisfy the demands of this new public: a musical public such as England has not possessed before or since.

Handel and Walsh: an impatient genius and a shifty opportunist—they were odd beings to find together, but, like so much in the composer's life, strangely successful.

The Log

By R. Nicholl Caddell

THERE were no trees on the island, only rocks, and heather, and a few fields, and bog-land in the low places.

There was one village, built beside the sea under a promontory which sheltered it from the western ocean.

In the centre of the island rose a great mountain, which no one visited. Mist covered its summit most of the year. Somewhere upon its terraces an eagle nested.

The village consisted of about two hundred cottages; mud-built, whitewashed, thatched with straw which was brought from the mainland. The thatched roofs were blackened by weather and the salt of the ocean. Moss grew on the thatch, and grasses, and, in the summer, poppies and the blades of wheat.

The village was built round the market square, in the centre of which, many generations ago, the people had erected a tall wooden Cross salvaged from the sea. Upon the Cross was a figure of the Saviour, fashioned in plaster, and hung from nails. The Figure was now dirty brown in colour. Men and women had scrawled their names upon it, epithets, and dates. Nobody took much notice of it. But it afforded for the men a meeting place in the evenings. They sat around its base and smoked, and spat, and stared at the ocean. They knocked their pipes out on its feet, and broke off the toes. The lean curs of the village used its upright shank for the purposes of nature.

The market square was never used for any active purpose. The people who lived in the cottages along its borders, threw their garbage into it; papers, tins, rags, cast-off clothing. The starving curs of the village ate the garbage, and carried off the tins. The papers and clothing lay about until blown away by a westerly gale.

The largest building in the square was the church with the priest-house beside it. Both were neat and

clean, and were the only buildings in the desolate square which made any claim to decency.

Once a week the steamer from the mainland arrived at the island. It brought, among other things, the priest's Sunday joint of meat, and his groceries which were sent down from Dublin. Also it brought the newspapers, cotton shirts, kippers, European boots, boot-laces, pot-menders, pressed meat; all the shoddiest products of industrialism packed in tins and boxes. Most important, it brought stout in barrels, whisky, and Hollands gin.

Sometimes foul weather prevented the steamer from crossing. In winter this frequently happened. Often the island was cut off for many weeks at a time. When this occurred, the priest went without his red meat, and there was no more drink in the public house. People swore, and looked at one another in a manner that was even more surly than usual. The priest would order prayers to be said that the weather might abate. The church was filled because there was nowhere else to go. Everybody, for once, prayed fervently.

The Grab Curtin had been praying that the steamer might arrive that evening bringing Guinness. Also that his brother might drown. He stood outside the church under the darkening sky, and stared at the Cross, and the arms of Christ blackly outspread against a heaving ocean, and he cursed his brother in his soul.

People were coming from the church door behind him. Looking at the outspread arms, he listened to the last notes of the harmonium, the sound of footsteps on gravel, low talking, and the scraping of matches as men lit pipes and cigarettes.

The women passed him, their shawls drawn tightly over their lowered heads. They glanced quickly at one another, whispering. The men began to gather round the Cross, speaking softly. When a gale had blown itself out, and the island had been cut off for a long time, the islanders seldom spoke above undertones.

The red of pipe bowls and cigarettes glowed. On the end of the pier a lamp was lit. People began to stroll down towards the pier-head. It was no use going into Casey's public house. The drink had been finished several days ago. In twos and threes they wandered towards the pier; a long, irregular line of figures moving darkly in the meagre light of evening.

Suddenly one of the figures leaped into the air, waving arms and legs. It let out a crazy yell. Other voices took up the yelling. Everyone started to run. The women, running, clutched their shawls to their throats.

Some distance over the water a red light appeared, leaping up and down. The people rushed down the pier, and clustered round the lamp standard. Two men climbed aloft, winding their black limbs round the iron tube. The lamplight fell on pale, upraised faces, opened mouths, teeth, and gleaming eyes.

The Grab Curtin hung about the outskirts of the crowd watching the steamer approach. It came slowly, staggering across the darkening sea.

It was now almost night. As the steamer came alongside, the Grab Curtin saw his brother standing on the deck. He was dressed in the uniform of a Sergeant of the civil arm of the new Government. He stood just in the front of the port sidelight. The red light was shining on his face.

Two men in oilskins ran out the gangway. Peter Curtin stepped forward, followed by two guards. Seeing the uniformed figures coming down the gangway, the people drew back, forming a semi-circle. Into the semi-circle stepped the priest. He wore his soutane and was bareheaded. Steel buckles were on his shoes. He held out his hand to Curtin.

"Welcome home," he said.

The people huddled in the darkness muttered. A raucous voice shouted something.

Peter Curtin, returning to his homeland after an

absence of fifteen years, sensed the atmosphere of enmity and distrust.

He smiled, showing his teeth which were white and even.

The priest led Curtin along the pier, and across the market square towards the presbytery. Beside the steamer they were unloading barrels. Above the rattle of the winch, voices could be heard singing. A fiddle played.

The priest took Curtin into his house and into the lighted dining-room.

" You will dine with me, Sergeant," he said. " Afterwards you can look over the barracks."

Curtin was tall and black. His black hair was brushed straight off his forehead and held in place immovably with brilliantine. He glanced at his wrist-watch, then at the priest. His eyes were blue and cold.

" I can stay a bit," he said shortly. " Then I must see the men settled into barracks."

The priest coughed. He was not accustomed to bluntness. He lifted the poker and began poking the fire to hide his confusion.

" Perhaps you'd like a little drink," he said.

" I never drink," Curtin said, sitting down and taking a cigarette from a metal cigarette case.

" I'm glad of that," the priest said. " There's a lot of drunkenness here. A rough lot. Quite different from the eastern counties."

" I reckon I should know them," Curtin said. " I was born and brought up beside them."

" Of course, of course," said the priest. " You should be able to handle them. Besides you have the law behind you."

" I should say I have," Curtin said smiling.

A young woman put a soup tureen on the table. The priest drew up his chair and spread a napkin across his chest.

" You've had a rough passage," he said kindly.

"It was a bit choppy," Curtin said, "but I didn't mind that. What gets me is the dirt of the vessel. Why the hell don't they buy a new one and keep it clean. This place should have a daily service,"

"There would hardly be work for that," the priest said.

"Why not?" Curtin said, "This place has possibilities. It's only a matter of looking for them. Worse places than this have been made prosperous."

The priest lifted the cover from the tureen. Steam rose in the lamplight. Peering downwards, his face among the steam, the priest said; "You'd have the people to contend with."

"I'm one of them," Curtin said. "You can always manage the people."

"Well! Well!" said the priest, "Times are changing. But they're an unruly lot. Thieves and vagabonds at the best. The women are as bad as the men. Worse sometimes. You'll find you've got your hands full."

"I'll carry out the law anyway," Curtin said.

The priest poured whisky into his glass.

"It's not much I can do," he said. "The fear of God isn't in them. How many of them are in a State of Grace when they attend the Sacraments, I wonder? Not one in fifty I'll be bound?"

Curtin took his handkerchief from his coat sleeve. He looked at the priest with hard eyes.

"I'm not very great on religion," he said, wiping his mouth.

"There you are," said the priest. "You're all the same nowadays. Even in this out of the way place the Faith is dying. One would have thought it would be different. But evil is everywhere to-day. When I came here first as a young man I thought . . . ." He laid down his soup spoon with a gesture of resignation. Then drank some whisky.

"There's not much change that I can see," Curtin said, blowing on his soup spoon. "But I remember you in those days, Father."

The priest smiled at the word. Curtin's tone was almost respectful.

" Yes," he said, " I was young then. I had hopes." He sighed.

" But one never gives up hoping," he added. " That is the deadly sin, to give up hoping."

A yell went up in the square outside.

" What's that? " said Curtain sharply.

" They're tapping the stout at Casey's," the priest said. " There's been nothing for them to drink for six days."

Voices began shouting and singing, the deep voices of men, the shrill voices of girls and women. There were sounds of dancing. The fiddler struck up a reel.

Listening to the hubbub in the market square, the priest and Curtin drank their soup without speaking.

The maid brought in vegetables and a chicken.

" It's not often I eat fowl," the priest said to Curtin. " But to-night I thought I might indulge myself a little." He laughed for the first time, nervously.

" That brother of your's," he added. " He's the worst of the lot of them. He'll be drunk to-night as sure as I'm a sinner."

He crossed himself, then began carving the chicken.

Curtin's head was thrown slightly back. He leant forward over the table holding up his knife and fork. His eyes glittered. " A bad hat, eh? "

" None worse," said the priest. " A drunken loafer. The Grab they call him. Always stealing."

Curtin was tapping on the table with his knife-handle.

" That's what it is," he said. " They're all like it, all over the country. No one does anything. They don't want anything. They don't want Education! They don't want Advancement! "

" Perhaps we are not meant for Progress, in that sense," the priest said. " It's possible that this country was never destined, from the first, to know material prosperity. Ireland's rôle may be spiritual."

"We fought for land and independence," Curtin said.

"Not all of you, I think," the priest said. "Some fought as a gesture. Even if they knew it was a hopeless gesture."

Curtin shook his head impatiently.

"Tell me," he asked, looking straight above the priest's head. "What does that fellow do?"

"He works for Casey," the priest said. "I don't think he gets any wages. A drink occasionally. Sometimes too many when the steamer's overdue and they're owing to him. Then he picks things up along the shore. Anything. It's a mania. It's said he once dragged a drowned cow to his cabin in the night time. And was living on its meat for a long time afterwards. When the carcase was empty, they say he slept inside it."

Curtin's eyes were focussed on a great distance. He saw his birthplace, a broken cabin, mist sweeping over it, the half-door hanging on a single hinge; the figure of his mother, bent, old, walking between the wet ruts in the road.

Desolation! The West!

The thin line made by his lips pressed together suddenly contorted; writhed like a struck adder.

"I've got on," he said harshly. "I've heaved myself out of that! I'm somebody now! That fellow's nothing but a disgrace!"

"It's the Will of God!" the priest said quietly.

Curtin flung down his knife and fork.

"Bloody rot!" he shouted, thumping the table and springing to his feet. "To Hell with God! To Hell with his Will!" He glared in front of him.

The priest looked at Curtin in amazement.

From beyond the window came the sound of singing and wild laughter. The fiddler played frenziedly.

"Brutes," shouted Curtin, shaking his fist in the air. "Brutes! Swine!"

The priest rose slowly to his feet. He leant forward

resting both hands on the table. He was puffing a little through parted lips. His food lay coldly in his mouth, unswallowed. His face was pale and frightened.

" Sergeant Curtin ! " he said, his mouth full of chicken. " Sergeant Curtin ! "

Suddenly Curtin laughed. He sat down quickly and began eating at a great rate. The thump he had hit the table had set the lamp smoking. The priest turned down the burner.

" It's nothing," said the priest. " We all get excited at times."

He picked up the carvers. His hands were shaking.

" Have some more chicken," he said.

" I've fought," Curtain said. " I've been on the run. In the hills with the Tans after me. But I sank my teeth in their guts, by God ! I filled my mouth with their blood, by God ! But I didn't fight for soaks like that, by God ! " He jerked his knife over his shoulder, stabbing at the window behind him.

" You mustn't excite yourself," the priest said. " You've got a hard job in front of you, God knows ! Blasphemy won't help you ! "

" Ach ! " said Curtin, " they make me sick. That's Ireland, that is. All that fiddling, and dancing, and singing to yourself. All that drunkenness, and crying afterwards. That's got to stop. What does it all lead to ? "

" If we can cherish the Faith and foster it in these difficult times," the priest said, " Ireland will have fulfilled her destiny."

Curtin cackled.

" Cherish the Faith ! " he cried. " What's the Faith ever done for us ? "

He laid his right hand, outspread, flat upon the table, and looked hard at the priest. Beads of brilliantine glimmered at the roots of his black hair.

" Tell me, Father," he said, " have *you* the Faith ? "

" Of course," said the priest, devoutly, and without hesitation.

"I'll tell you what," Curtin said, shaking his finger at the priest, "this country's got to stop mewling. It's got to stop eating its own vomit. Our people have got to stand up straight on their feet beside the others. We aren't children any longer."

"Children!" said the priest surprised. "Why, we spring from the oldest culture in Europe."

"I know a man in Dublin," Curtin said, "who writes books about this country. When he has a woman he cries. And when he's finished with her he kneels down and says the Hail Mary. That's Ireland, you see: sin and tears. The English think his books marvellous."

"I don't think I really understand what you're talking about," the priest said "I think, perhaps, it would be wise to drop the subject."

Curtin looked at his wrist-watch.

"I'll be going, anyway," he said. "I've got to get things fixed up at the barracks."

He stood up, smoothing the creases from his blue tunic. He ran his hands across his black, polished hair.

The priest stood up also. A queer look came into his eyes. His lips, shiny with chicken fat, trembled.

"My son," he said, raising his hand, "I'd like to give you my blessing."

"I'm sorry," said Curtin, turning away to pick up his cap, "I'd rather you didn't."

Outside in the square, rain was gently falling. Curtin let the iron gate swing behind him with a clang. Then he stood still, his hands in his trouser's pockets, his head thrown back.

He heard the sound of the ocean breaking. The deep, deep sound of an ocean, on which the passion of the storm has ceased to rage. He heard the assembled water sweeping forward; gathering itself together in the darkness; lifting, curling, toppling over; drawing back from him again towards the mysterious sources of its power.

It was very dark indeed. Curtin took off his uniform cap and tucked it under his arm-pit. He looked upwards.

The thin drizzle fell upon his face. He stood for a long time motionless, letting the rain fall upon his face.

Inside Casey's, in the yellow lamplight, the men sat upon narrow benches placed along the whitewashed walls. They sat in crouching attitudes, their legs crossed, their knees drawn up, their bodies inclined forward. Their hands, holding their pipes, rested on their knees. Tobacco smoke floated in a thin layer above their heads.

Casey was mopping up the bar with a dish cloth. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up over his elbows. His arms were large and red and covered with fine golden hair. His hands were enormous; the fingers fat, red cylinders. Round one of his fingers he wore a broad band of gold. He kept glancing downwards at the Grab, who was rinsing pint glasses in dirty water.

Under the single lamp which lit the bar-room, the fiddler, dark and angular, leant against the wall. He was playing. Three couples were dancing. Their feet scraped and tapped the uneven stone floor. The men upon the benches, crouching beneath the layer of smoke, moved their bodies, just perceptibly, to the time of the music. The dancers, twirling and twirling, drew the smoke like veils about their shoulders. It clung to the little damp hairs on the men's frieze jackets, and to the shawls of their partners. It was dragged round, trailing behind them.

His arms plunged to the elbows in dirty water, the Grab Curtin watched the dancers winding through the smoke. He was short and heavily built. Dark, like his brother, but pale. His big, white forehead hung out and almost concealed his eyes that were small, and black, and brilliant, like bits of broken bottle. His large, loose mouth hung open like a flap.

He was eight years older than his brother and had always been afraid of him. And possessing what is usually considered a weak character, this fear had developed, as a complement to itself, a deep hatred. And as time had passed, the fear of his brother had grown less, in proportion as his hatred had increased.

He had feared his brother from the day of his birth. Even before that. He had feared him while his mother still carried the child in her womb.

He could remember his mother fainting one evening, as he wandered beside her along the shore, gathering shells. She placed her hand to her side, coughed, and suddenly sat down. They were near to the edge of the sea. He gazed at her for a few moments in terror, the tide creeping up, dividing in ripples against the heels of her black, upturned boots. Then he remembered running towards the town.

He ran stumbling in the sand to the bottom of the market square, where he halted to shout loudly and wave his arms towards the sea. The men, seated as usual round the base of the Cross, took their pipes from their mouths and stared at him. He beckoned to them frantically. Not one of them moved.

Presently, after what seemed a very long time, a man rose to his feet and came towards him. Seeing the man coming towards him, he turned once more, and began running in the direction where his mother lay.

As he ran towards his mother she raised herself and leaned forward against her knees. Her head hung down over her knees. In her black clothes she looked from the distance like some ancient piece of wreckage, or the stump or base of a rotted tree sticking up out of the shore. When he reached her at last he saw that the water was all round her.

He stood staring at his mother, his eyes wide open, not daring to touch her. The men came up. Five or six of them gathered round looking down at her, their feet in the water.

After a bit, two men bent down and placed her arms behind their necks. They lifted her up. She was quite limp. When they had carried her a little way, the men carrying her stopped. One of them looked back, a broad grin on his face.

"Hey! boys," he shouted, so that those following could hear him. "The old heifer's in calf!"

So his mother was going to have a child. She was like the mare then that his father had shown him the year before. He noticed now the bigness of her belly; and he thought of a child (a child with hair, and nails, and teeth) moving inside her.

That was what his father had shown him.

He remembered the frosty morning and his father leading the mare to the trough. This mare's in foal for sure, his father had said to him: just you wait till she gets a sup of that cold water and see how the foal will lep!

The mare stretched her neck towards the trough and began straining the water through her teeth. He saw her throat swallowing. Then, as though in answer to that icy message from an outer world, he saw the hide behind her ribs rise once, twice, three times, distinctly. It was as if something inside had struck deliberately the dark inner wall of the belly with its fist.

Mystery!

From that evening when his mother had fainted he dwelt in a sort of dreamy horror of the thing she carried inside her. Blind instinct drove him to seek out some counterbalance to this dread. He found himself, at those moments when he could be alone and unmolested, wandering to the foot of the Cross, seating himself there, and gazing up at the Figure.

The day his brother was born the boat arrived in the morning. By mid-day, his father was already drunk. He remembered entering the house frightened at the thought of his father drunk in Casey's, to find his mother bent over a zinc tub washing clothes.

Hearing him enter, she straightened herself, and he saw again the tremendous swelling under her clothes. He stared at it in fascination and horror. And suddenly he felt a longing to see it and to touch it.

The same night, he was alone in the house. His mother lay in bed, waiting the midwife. He sat crouched beside the ashes on the hearth, listening to her groaning. After some time the groaning stopped. She was asleep. He rose, and crept to the door of the bedroom, and saw her, by the light of a candle, lying in her bed. The single sheet that covered her rose in a great white mound. Her dark head looked tiny, a thing of no importance, on the end of that great white mound.

He drew back the sheet stealthily. He was trembling wildly. When he saw her great belly naked in the candlelight he almost screamed. The skin was stretched tight, tight; like the skin on the udder of a cow, freshly calved, and strained by milk. Or like the pig he had seen, some little time before, washed high up on to the beach, and lying in the sunshine. The skin of its belly was stretched tight to splitting point, by pressure of the foul gases inside. The belly of his mother was like that.

While he had stood there, staring at her belly, his mother slowly opened her eyes. She gave her son a long, deep glance; a glance such as the human eye can give only in the agonies of child-bearing, or in the moments of death, or in the stillness that follows upon the ultimate throes of love.

The fiddle was still playing softly. The couples had stopped dancing. They sat on the narrow benches, their heads leaning together, their hands clasped.

Casey was at the further end of the bar, talking quietly to a group of men. They bent above a newspaper spread out between them on the wooden counter.

The Grab felt stupidly drunk. He thought of his brother's face as he had seen it, red, with the sidelight upon it. He thought of a little window in his home when he was a child. He thought of looking out of the little window when he awoke in the morning. He thought of stretching up his arm when he awoke, and stroking the wall in long, lazy arcs, as he looked out of the window into the morning.

Outside the window was a dung heap. He used to look out at the dung heap, and stroke the wall, and listen to his mother breathing beside him. Their cock, which had a green tail and scarlet gills and comb, walked upon the dung heap in the morning. He used to wake up and listen to his mother's warm breathing, and stroke the wall, and see the dung heap with the steam rising, and the cock with the scarlet head and green tail, standing up, and opening its noisy mouth, in the blue air of the morning.

That was before his brother was born. After that there was no peace like waking up, and stroking the wall, and looking out at the dung heap in the morning. His brother slept beside his mother in the big bed. He was given a bed on the floor, made up of meal bags, and flour bags, and bits of old clothing. Nothing that he had owned seemed to belong to him any longer. He felt that he did not possess anything that he could call his own.

He took to wandering the beach, picking up odd things here and there; hiding them, so that he might feel that they belonged to him. So that he might feel that they were his very own. He became very cunning, because he always felt that his brother's blue eyes were watching him. And when Peter found him with anything that he had picked up or stolen, he made him surrender it. And once, Peter, who was only eight years old at the time, took him to the priest for stealing. And the priest thrashed him.

By the time he was eighteen, most people considered him mad.

Then his mother died, and his father sold the bit of land.

Then his father died also. Then his brother was sent away in the steamer to some school-place in Dublin. By that time the Grab was twenty-three years old. That was fifteen years ago.

After his brother was gone, he found a disused cabin and crept into it; glad to be free of the blue eyes watching

him. He felt that he really owned something at last; if only the right to wander around unwatched, and pick things up and hide them. He lived on what he begged and pilfered, until one day he got the job with Casey.

Casey paid him with stout and whisky, and bits of food that had turned rotten. The whisky drove the Grab quite crazy. When he got crazy like that, he would rave round the market square screaming out curses on his brother. When this happened people rushed out of their houses and beat him. Then he would go and cry at the foot of the Cross, and feel sorry for his brother, and forgive him.

Now his brother had come back in uniform, and the bad days would begin again. He would own nothing. He would be watched. He would be watched more closely than ever, as his brother now had two men to help him.

From where he was standing, the Grab saw, on the opposite side of the square, a light burning in the barracks. Beside that light his brother might be sitting, and his two uniformed men. He felt that they were planning something against him.

The two uniformed men sat in the light of the lamp in a bare room in the police barracks. Sergeant Curtin was looking at the clock. The two guards sat at a table piled with dusty papers. They were in their shirt sleeves. Their coats hung down over the backs of their chairs. They had been writing.

Curtin had lather on his face. A small basin in the corner of the room was half filled with soapy water. A circular mirror and a flash lamp hung above the basin. Curtin's shaving brush and razor were on the table, laid on top of a pile of papers.

Mopping his face on a towel, his eyes on the clock, Curtin said, "I'll jump on that Casey to-night. In a place like this you can't start too soon."

He threw the towel into a corner of the room and

picked up the razor. He began stropping the razor on the palm of his hand. " I'm going to flatten that fellow," he said, making the razor flash. " I'm going to flatten that fellow right out. Watch me. I'm going to kick him right in the guts. I'm going to make him pass blood, by God! You see!"

He closed the razor with a snap and laid it on the papers and went over to the mirror. He switched on the flash lamp. The bluish light thrown back by the reflector shone upon his face. Peering closely at his face he massaged his cheeks with the tips of his fingers.

" I'll give some of those bowsies a physicing," he said, thinking of his brother. " You boys will have to help me. There'll be hair flying, but we can't help that."

The two guards looked at one another across the table.

" Now, Paddy!" Curtin said, switching off the flash lamp and taking his coat from a chair.

One of the guards got up and began to roll down his shirt sleeves.

Curtin was smoothing down the creases in his jacket. He glanced round the room, hesitating. He saw his wrist watch beside the basin. He picked it up and buckled it to his wrist. He began to whistle under his breath. He walked round the table three times, tapping on the papers with his fingers. The guard waited by the door.

When Curtin reached the end of the table for the third time, he halted. Quickly he jerked open a drawer. He slid his hand into the drawer. When he drew his hand out again it held an automatic. He slipped the magazine into the palm of his left hand and pulled back the chamber, snapping the trigger. Then he replaced the magazine. Then, still whistling under his breath, he walked out into the empty market square.

It had stopped raining. It was windless. Somewhere high up was the moon, hidden behind clouds that

moved swiftly. A few stars showed. The houses round the square were dark. Casey's was dark. It was after midnight.

Curtin walked rapidly across the deserted square, the guard following. When he got to the door of Casey's he found it shut. There was no light anywhere. The house was quite quiet. He peered through the glass of the small display window. A tattered blind had been drawn down behind it. He could see nothing but the gleam of moonshine on the polished peak of his cap, the dark shape of his own body, and the sky behind him racing like a chalky river.

"Kick the door," he said, turning to the guard.

The guard thumped on the door with his fist.

"Kick it," Curtin said impatiently.

The guard was raising his foot, when the door opened and the Grab looked out.

Curtin at once recognized his brother.

As soon as the Grab appeared, Curtin seized him by the shirt on his chest. Forcing the door open with the left side of his body, he went gradually forward into the blackness of the bar-room, holding the Grab at arm's length. When he judged himself to be half way into the room, he stopped, and slowly drew the Grab towards him.

Both men were trembling with passion.

The smell of the Grab's liquored breath entered Curtin's nostrils like stench from a choked sewer. The Grab, feeling Curtin's face approaching, drew back his head, swaying it from side to side.

He smelt the sickly-sweet smell of Curtin's brilliantine, mixed with the smell of shaving soap. Curtin groped his way along the current of the Grab's evil breath. He moved his face along it cautiously, like a trout feeling its way up a brook. He moved his face right up against the Grab's, until the Grab felt the softness of his freshly-shaven cheek. He laid his lips just beside the Grab's ear. It was as if he meant to kiss him. He shook the Grab gently.

"Brother!" Curtin whispered in the darkness.

The Grab screamed.

At once there was a general scuffling. A match was lit. It burst in a squirt of blue flame, then burnt steadily. The guard flashed on his torchlight. The beam fell upon Curtin still holding his brother by the neck of his shirt, gripped in both hands.

Everybody immediately stood still.

The light lit Curtin's teeth and eyes. He was smiling. It glittered on the silvered buttons of his coat, and on the silvered chain hanging from his breast pocket. It cast the shadow of the two brothers on the floor, and reared it upright upon the wall.

The guard moved forward with the light.

As the guard moved forward, the shadow of the two brothers danced upon the walls. Upon the walls of the sordid room, and across the figures of the watchers pressed against them, their shadow danced a dance that was grotesque and fearful. Their shadow stretched itself out, then contracted. It paused, then rushed forward. It reached out, clutching. Then it would split into two shapes that gesticulated, and threatened each other, and performed freakish antics. Then the two shapes would approach each other, and hesitate, and retreat, and waver; and finally rush furiously together to twine, and twirl, and mingle, in mad, black wedlock. The shade expanded, then sank down. It grew intense, then faded. It lurked in corners, to leap forth suddenly and hurl across the ceiling its terrible darkness. It uprose and withered, and again uprose; struggling as if in the throes of some deadly conflict.

"Light a light," said Curtin loudly. "Light the light, you, Casey!"

Casey came shuffling into the beam of the torch. He wore slippers. His grey trousers sagged down in folds on to his slippered feet. He kept his head lowered. His shoulders stooped. His red hands were spread out upon his stomach, showing the broad band of gold round his

finger. He looked at Curtin from under hairy eyebrows, but said nothing.

When the lamp was lighted, Curtin surveyed the room. The men stood erect along the walls, looking at Curtin with furtive defiance. The three girls were together on one of the narrow benches. They stood upon their toes, as though they had sought refuge there from some poisonous reptile which crawled along the floor.

" Get out the lot of you ! " Curtin said.

He let go his hold on the Grab, then turned, barring his path to the door. The men and girls started to file out. Curtin examined each closely. Keeping his eyes on them as they filed past, he felt in his pocket and pulled out a sharpened matchstick. When the last of them had disappeared, he turned and faced the bar.

Carefully he began to clean his nails. The Grab was leaning against the bar, his fingers in his mouth. He was sober now, and frightened. Casey was drying glasses on a dish cloth.

Still carefully cleaning his nails, Curtin said : " I'm going to tell you boys something. You'd better listen. I only speak once. You, Casey, have people on your premises after hours. That's an offence. Stop it. You're selling drink on credit over long periods. That's an offence also. You've got three-quarters of this island on your books. You own the crops before they're sown, almost. That's not an offence in law, but you're not going to go on with it."

He paused and examined his nails. His nails were very pink and clean. He began pressing back the cuticle with the blunt end of the matchstick.

" Now," he went on, " something else. You've got a man here in your employ who works without wages. You don't pay him. You give him drink instead. That's illegal. That man leaves to-night ! He turned to the Grab, pointing the match stick straight at his eyes. " I'm going to look after you," he said malignantly. " Yes, by God ! I'm going to make a new man of you,

brother. I'll find something for you, don't fash. I'll sweeten you right enough. In a few months you won't know yourself." He began walking towards the door, the matchstick between his teeth. In the doorway he spun round. He glared at Casey.

"You're going to be a new man too," he said, slowly and distinctly.

Curtin walked straight across the square, passing the Cross, and stopped on the other side. For a few moments he stood silent, tapping the matchstick against his teeth. Then he turned to the guard.

"Get back to barracks," he said. "I'm going to hang around a bit."

When the guard had gone, Curtin began pacing up and down. His hands were clasped behind his back. His head drooped forward. He still held the matchstick between his teeth, the sharp end outwards. At intervals he walked out into the square, as far as the Cross, and stood beneath it. He stared at Casey's. The sky cleared slowly. The moon set. Stars appeared. Then faded. Still Curtin waited.

The gulls had woken, and now were on the wing. He heard them crying round the steamer and the pier head as they searched for food. Looking down across the square, Curtin saw the ocean moving.

On the end of the pier the lamp was still burning. Like a solitary yellow flower it lifted its head against the moving water. Slowly the water paled; as though milk infused itself within its darkness. Cracks of light opened low down in the sky. The windows of the houses facing east took on a greenish hue. While those upon the opposite side of the square seemed to grow blacker against the increasing whiteness of the walls.

The Cross became clear in detail; the figure hanging from shrunken arms, the head fallen forward on to its ruined breast. The presbytery was behind it; with windows, and ochred wall, and creeper, and red front

door. The knocker on the red front door was polished, and threw off the expanding light.

Curtin felt very cold. His mouth was dry. His eyes burning. Softly dawn opened overhead. It was as if, during the night, he had been standing in the corolla of an enormous flower, whose dark petals, closed above him during the long hours, now turned slowly outward, letting in the light.

A dog wandered into the square. It smelt around aimlessly. Curtin, his eyes fixed on Casey's, drew back into the shelter of a house. Casey's door opened, and the Grab came out.

The Grab looked round the empty square, then began walking towards the sea. He walked hurriedly, as if he had some special object in mind, and had only a short time for his purpose. His broad torso leaned forward from his hips, his arms hanging down, with hands loose and open, swung before his body. He moved forward at a shambling trot. A lock of black hair fell over his pale forehead. It jumped up and down with every stride. He was bare-footed.

The Grab reached the bottom of the square, and disappeared down the incline that led to the foreshore. Curtin, watching him, waited a few moments, then followed the direction he had taken.

As Curtin crossed the square, an upper window in Casey's opened. Casey shoved out his head. He saw Curtin going towards the shore. He drew in his head, and closed down the window.

Every minute it was growing lighter; but the sun had not yet risen. Curtin, standing on the elevated square, saw the long stretch of sand, the light widening in the east, his brother's black figure shambling towards it .

The Grab held steadily along the shore. When he was nearly opposite the place where his mother had once fainted he swerved in the direction of the land. He proceeded to the foot of the sandhills, in which, at that spot, the land terminated. At the foot of the sandhills

he stopped, and drew himself upright. He looked carefully in every direction to make sure he was unwatched. Then he vanished behind one of the low hills.

When the Grab was out of sight, Curtin himself went down on to the shore. He did not hurry, but followed the faint tracks left by his brother's naked feet in the sand. He kept a steady pace until he reached the foot of the sandhills, where he mounted one of the hills.

In a hollow of the sandhills the Grab was digging. He dug like a dog, scooping up the dry sand with his hands, and throwing it backwards between his legs. Presently something black came into view. The Grab dropped to his knees and began to scrape the sand from the sides of the black object. Soon he uncovered a log.

This log the Grab had picked up on the shore a few days previously. It was apparently part of a ship. It was five feet long and had once been circular with a diameter of about two feet. Now it was barely eighteen inches thick and had lost its circular shape. The Grab having picked it up in broad daylight, had buried it under the dry sand in the hollow, intending to remove it to his cabin when he should be unobserved.

Bending over the hole he had made, the Grab began to work a tunnel under the log. He worked from each side, burrowing his hands towards one another through the sand. After a bit, his fingers touched, and his hands met.

Clasping his hands together the Grab began to heave and shake the log. But he could not force the log from the sand. He started to get angry. He hauled at the log to no purpose, getting angrier every minute. Remembering his brother, he flew into a panic. His heart began thumping. Sweat trickled down his face. He lugged, and heaved, and grunted. He thought of his brother's face. The thought drove him to fury. He leaped on the log, shouting imprecations. He wrestled with it like a lunatic mad with passion.

The log yielded. It came out. It seemed to spring from the earth, throwing the Grab backwards. The Grab

rolled over, his face to the sky. Against the sky he saw his brother, standing upon the sandhill, looking down at him.

The Grab lay quite still. He looked hard at his brother. He felt his heart thumping in his side. It seemed to him that his brother looked very lonely there, standing in his formal uniform against the sky. He thought of the bed, and the candlelight, and the long, deep look his mother, once upon a time, had given him. Perhaps if he threw away the log and went up to his brother now, his brother would forgive him. He looked at his brother with all his might, trying to tell him what was in his mind. But there was no movement on Curtin's relentless face. No, Peter would take the log, and everything he had.

Curtin stood quite still, looking down at the Grab. He noted the Grab's fixed stare. He's plotting something, he thought.

The Grab struggled to his feet, hugging the log with both arms. Now his one thought was to escape. To get away from his brother. To get away with the log, that was his, that belonged to him. He knew that his brother would take it away from him on some pretext. He began scrambling up the opposite side of the hollow.

The powdery sand gave him no foothold. He fell several times, banging his face on the log. Curtin watched him in amusement.

On the top of the hill the Grab stopped, looking wildly round. Blood was streaming from his nose. It ran into his mouth, and down his chin, and dripped on to the log. The blows on his nose and face had made his eyes water. He began retching. His stomach heaved in convulsions. Tears poured down his face. He clawed the log, clutching it to his chest and stomach, like a maniac pressing to its body the corpse of its lover. Shrill noises came from his throat. He started running towards the sea.

Curtin did not move.

The Grab ran towards the sea. His legs, hampered

by the log, jerked outwards from his knees at right angles. Running jerkily towards the enormous sea, he looked like a ridiculous black puppet sprung on wires. He ran straight on into the sea, splashing up the water. When the water reached his knees, he blundered and fell. Falling, he made a tremendous splash. The log slipped from his grasp and shot beyond him. Feeling the log leave him, he uttered a yell. He arose, dripping, and groped blindly around. He saw the log floating to seaward, and made towards it shouting. Only when he had once more grasped the log did his shouting stop.

He began wading through the water towards the pier. Curtin, who had come down on to the shore, walked along the sea's edge keeping pace with him. Neither of them spoke. The coldness of the sea had turned the Grab's frenzy into hate. He meant to kill his brother if he could. Squeezing the log to his breast, the Grab watched his brother walking by the sea's edge, daintily avoiding the little swirls of water that might wet his polished boots.

Close to the pier the Grab stopped, and turned towards the shore. Curtin stopped also. They faced each other. The Grab approached the land until the water was below his knees. He looked his brother straight in the eyes. He was gauging his distance. He wanted to be near to his brother, but just beyond his reach. He hoped that his brother's attention might be distracted for a moment; and in that moment he meant to strike him down. He moved forward two paces, and shifted his grasp on the log. Curtin drew his gun from his pocket and held it by his side pointing downwards.

" Bring that thing here," he said.

The Grab came a pace nearer.

" It's mine, Peter," he said.

" Property of the State," Curtin said. " Jetsam."

The Grab took another pace.

" It's mine, Peter."

The Grab spoke very gently, almost like a child.

Peter Curtin heard the sound of his brother's voice speaking his name for the first time. He looked at his brother standing up to his calves in the water, and hugging the log to his breast. He saw his white, sodden face, blood on his lips, his tortured eyes, the lock of dark hair hanging limply upon his forehead, water dripping from his clothes. Something in the lightening day, in the bedraggled figure, in the weary stretches of water beyond it, in the tones in which his name had been uttered, touched Curtin deeply.

"It's mine, Peter," the Grab said again.

All of a sudden, Peter Curtin felt sick of it all. His mouth opened in a gasp. He felt sorry for his brother standing in the sea before him, hugging a log. He had been all wrong, he thought. He would say something to the Grab now. He would put things right at once. He shifted his position and cleared his throat.

There was a shout from the square. Curtin glanced round. At that moment the Grab sprang towards him. With a roar of fury, brandishing the log above his head, the Grab leaped upon his brother. All that Curtin saw was a black mass moving above him. He fired into the moving black mass.

As Curtin fired, the sun came up out of the sea. Its long beams swept across the ocean and touched the little white houses of the town. The beams of sunlight swept upwards across the fields, across the foot-hills, across the mountain. They flooded the whole island with their light. The hard outlines of the island melted. Its body broke up into colour. The windows of the houses flamed. Beyond them the land sprang patterned into brightness of greens, and yellows, and blues. Diamonds sparkled in the mountain. From it, like chains of silver, the streams hung down in the morning.

The priest and Casey came running towards the brothers along the shore. The priest was in front of Casey. He wore black trousers, and a blue and white striped pyjama jacket which was flying open. His

scapulars flapped up and down upon his back. Two guards followed, buckling up their belts.

The Grab lay upon the sand, blood flowing from his mouth. His arms were round his brother's legs. He thought that he was at the foot of the Cross, and that it was night time. He thought that he lay beneath the outstretched arms of the Figure, and he prayed to the Figure asking that his brother might be cursed, and his soul damned to all eternity. He stroked his brother's legs, thinking that he stroked the foot of the Cross.

Curtin looked down at his brother. He felt his brother stroking his legs, and his heart filled with pity. He has forgiven me, he said. He prayed that his brother might be blessed and find happiness somewhere.

The Priest, Casey, and the two guards came up.

The priest knelt down by the Grab, and raised his head. He saw that he was dead.

" Mother of God ! " he whispered, crossing himself.

Curtin looked at the priest holding his brother's head. His face was set. He stood rigidly, afraid that he might weep.

The priest, looking up at Curtin, shuddered.

There is no pity in that man, he said inwardly ; he has lost his soul.

The priest leaped to his feet. Foam stained the corners of his mouth. He flung out his hand at Curtin. His arm sawed the sunlight.

" In the sight of God and Man I curse you ! " he cried.

Curtin's eyes were slits. He fixed the priest with a look. His face contorted as it had done the night before in the presbytery. Turning to the two guards, he pointed to the Grab's dead body with his automatic.

" Take that thing away," he said.

The Padded Cell

By Tom O'Bedlam

I have sometimes heard it said that a man cannot remain perfectly sane unless he has a regular occupation. But I do not subscribe to this opinion myself, for we Bedlams have not had to work for a living for I don't know how many generations, and yet, though there may here and there have been instances of mental instability among my forbears, I myself have never had any reason to complain of my mental balance. Far from it! But then I have used my independent means to acquire an independent mind. I take a keen interest in all the problems of the day, and I pay my debt to society by supplying helpful and stimulating criticism whenever occasion offers. As my friend Belser said to me the other day, "The world needs men of leisure who are also men of goodwill and mental awareness. You and I, Bedlam, are working towards much the same kind of a goal in much the same kind of a way."

That puts the matter in a nutshell.

Through with Europe

Having no axe to grind, I may say without undue complacency that my opinion carries a certain weight with men who would not listen to persons actively engaged in the battle of life. Mr. Biff, for example, the well-known proprietor of the *Daily Dawn*, often rings me up for a talk on some subject which is weighing on his mind.

I suppose Biff's politics might be described as Independent Labour, which means in practice that he is somewhat of a thorn in the side of the Labour Party. I cannot at the moment recollect any question on which he has seen eye to eye with what I suppose he regards as, in a sense, *his* party. He is worrying about Sanctions at present, so I was not surprised the other evening to hear him saying at the other end of the telephone: "I'm

through with Europe, Bedlam. What's progress for, anyway? Europe may have had a kick to it when you had to beat across the Channel on a stretched cowhide, like Drake and Boadicea. But when a fellow can get to Melbourne in three days, why, it stands to reason he doesn't want to monkey about with a bunch of Gosh-darned Dagoes who can't speak the King's English. What say? Thought you spoke. Good-night to you."

Sanctions All Round

I had hardly put the receiver back when I had to lift it again. This time it was Baron Batt, the well-known proprietor of the *National News*. I suppose Batt's politics might be described as Independent National, which means in practice that he is somewhat of a thorn in the side of the National Party. I cannot at the moment recollect any question on which he has seen eye to eye with what I suppose he regards as, in a sense, *his* party. He is worrying about Sanctions at present, so I was not surprised when he plunged *in medias res* with: "Look here, Bedlam, what about Sanctions All Round? England can't withdraw, Italy can't give in. What we want is a face-saving formula, and what I'm going to advocate is that we shall all impose sanctions on each other. Which means in practice a universal system of prohibitive tariffs, or, in other words, as far as we're concerned, FREE TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE, the very thing I've been working for all my life! Kill two birds with one stone. The Duce can have his spaghetti sanctions, and welcome. That's Soho's funeral. Sanctions All Round, Bedlam! And if Baldwin can stand up to that, I give him best."

"It's a grand idea, Batt. But it needs consideration."

"It'll *get* consideration. Consideration! It'll get all the consideration going, and then some."

Baron Batt's excitement — he is usually most

reserved—showed me that discussion was useless. I therefore, though with some misgivings, wished him well, and rang off.

Perplexity of a Best Seller

I was reflecting on the possible repercussions of Batt's idea when the door opened, and in walked Jack Leslie, the brilliant young novelist. Though he's not as young as he was. How time flies! He must, I suppose, be in the middle thirties now.

"I'm worried, Bedlam," he said, and sank into an armchair. "Worried. The only safe money in this writing racket is made by the people who can turn out love and murder for the big public. If you cater for the top layer of the reading public, you may be called a best-seller—I believe I'm called one—but you can't hope for a public of more than a few thousands, and you can't keep it when you've got it. I tell you, Bedlam, it's as easy to lose my kind of public as to mislay a jumping flea in the middle of the Sahara."

"But surely your *Cat without Whiskers* and *Underwear, Limited . . . .*?"

"Precisely. A couple of hits. And then my *Please Adiust Your Dress Before Leaving* is a complete flop. My public had gone clean on my hands, almost overnight! Well, I faced up to it, and babbled of green fields in *Truly Rural*, but Beverley had got in first on that line, so I opened up another reef in *Commissionaire*. I don't want to knock a trade rival, but why James Hilton's centenarian pedagogue got away with it, and my commissionaire didn't, is clean beyond me. Did you read my thing? Not? It simply dripped with wistful irony. An ex-sergeant-major, brutalized by the War. Takes a job as a commissionaire at a picture palace. Gradually softened by the faces of the people going in. Always the expectant eager look. Humanity trying to forget. The pity of it all seeps into him. Becomes a changed man, loving with the wife and kiddies. Creates

a little oasis of real happiness as a kind of by-product of the hunt after an illusory happiness."

"What a splendid conception!"

"So I thought. And it would have filmed, too, with a bit of war stuff, and laying about with a poker before the charm starts working."

"I'm afraid I must infer it wasn't a success."

"I'm afraid you must. Well, that's how it goes, and if you can suggest my next move, I'll say thank you."

"Why not try your hand at biography?"

"Biography? H-m." He lit a cigarette, and smoked it in silence. The telephone went. "Someone's ringing you" he said. "I'll fade out."

I picked up the receiver.

Gaston Bagge

"Switzerland must come in, Bedlam! It was the strident, powerful voice of the editor of the *Examiner*, Gaston Bagge.

"Every country whose frontier marches with Austria's —Germany, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Hungary —every one of them, except Switzerland, has guaranteed Austria's independence. The gap in the ring must be filled. Even now, at the eleventh hour, it is not too late. I am calling on the Government to redeem their folly over Abyssinia with their wisdom over Austria. They must tell Switzerland that if she shirks her plain duty, not an English skate shall cut the ice of her rinks this winter, not an English ski shall cleave the snows of her slopes. Am I right, Bedlam? I am? Then I go forward. I can no other."

The receiver crashed back.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Literary Notes	*By Criticus*
The Russian Revolution	*By Malcolm Muggeridge*
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In Praise of Cheese	*By J. B. Morton*
The Royal Navy	*By E. W. Keate*
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Combing the Moonbeams	*By Kenneth Hare*

Literary Notes

By Criticus

MORE books than ever were published in 1935. A casual stroller in bookshops might get the impression that half of them were about the country which the newspapers call Abyssinia and which I call Ethiopia for the same reason that I call the Emperor of Japan the Emperor and not the Mikado.

There was great variety in these Ethiopian books, variety of matter, style, production and grammar. Some that I read were by obvious illiterates, but interesting because they were obviously records of personal experience. Some were semi-learned, and perhaps owed more than their authors would have cared to admit to Wallis Budge's indispensable, forgotten and almost unreadable " History of Ethiopia." The greater number were the work of skilled journalists, turning an honest penny out of the public interest but not especially qualified, otherwise than by their skill as journalists, to explain the nature of a completely alien race to people unfamiliar with it.

Of all this mass of literature—for that is what by generic definition it is—only two examples impressed me. The one was " A History of Abyssinia " by A. H. M.

Jones and Elizabeth Monroe (Milford, 6s.); the other "War over Ethiopia" by W. J. Makin (Jarrolds, 18s.). Each impressed me for a different reason, and neither fits into either of the categories to which I have referred above. The history of Mr. Jones and Miss Monroe is an admirable summary. I do not think either of them has been in Abyssinia, and I know nothing of their respective scholastic attainments. But in a brief and authenticated survey they give a better idea of Ethiopian culture and problems than all the other books put together.

Mr. Makin's "War over Ethiopia"—War over Ethiopia, Storm over Asia, Drums over Africa; is there nothing more accidental than what Norman Douglas called the "upstairs God" viewpoint of mankind in all these titles?—is the latest of the books on Ethiopia. It is an odd and oddly expensive work. Mr. Makin has been in Ethiopia, as he several times reminds his readers; and there are glimpses of reality when he so far forgets the fact that he went in a Royal entourage as to tell something about the Ethiopian country and people. But his book is as rambling and formless as the collected despatches of a special correspondent are apt to be when divorced from their topical context. It is one of the major mysteries of that queer expression of British culture known as publishing that such books should be published; one of the minor mysteries that they should be published at such a price.

Harold Williams

Biographies of the unknown are in fashion. One of the latest is Ariadna Tyrkova-Williams's life of her husband, Harold Williams, just published under the title of "Cheerful Giver" (Peter Davies, 10s. 6d.). Unlike many of the biographies of the unknown, it is well worth reading. Harold Williams, though unknown to the public, was influential and distinguished. He was a New Zealander who rightly went to Europe to live because it was only in the heart of European culture that

he was home. He was in Russia before the War, lived there through the Revolution and Civil War, and came after the Civil War to England, where he was at the time of his death the Foreign Editor of *The Times*. He was a journalist and a good journalist, but also something more than a journalist, for he had the temperament and intellectual equipment of a scholar. He had also a wonderful intellectual integrity and a generous sympathy for his fellow-men. To say that " he nothing common did nor mean " would be to give a false impression of a canting man, which he was not; just as the title Mrs. Williams has chosen for her biography gives the impression of something slightly soft, which he also was not. There were in the Harold Williams that I knew a streak of earthy cynicism that saved him from cant, and an occasional, very occasional, flash of rage when some exceptionally presumptuous person sought to take advantage of his habitually mild and sympathetic ways. Yet withal he came near to my idea of a saint—not the kind of saint Sunday schools have created in their own image, but the kind of saint who lived in the flesh in the Middle Ages.

Some of these qualities appear from Mrs. Williams's biography; with much more besides, for Mrs. Williams, as a Russian politician of pre-revolutionary days, was a personality in her own right and Harold Williams, as Foreign Editor of *The Times*, a not inconsiderable force in British foreign policy.

History from two Sides

The story of Harold Williams's life is a partial history of twentieth century Europe from the subjective side. The third volume of Dr. H. A. L. Fisher's great " History of Europe " (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 18s.) in its later part tells the same story from the objective side. Which is not to insult Dr. Fisher by suggesting that he has not a point of view. He has a point of view, and a definitely liberal point of view. But it is philosophic,

not political liberalism, and reinforced with a scholarship which will enable those who cannot share his optimism about the future of Europe to take comfort in the fact that it exists.

A Representative Englishman

Though I was slightly acquainted with Galsworthy, and well acquainted with many of his intimate friends, I was not aware of the unfortunate circumstances of his family life until I read Mr. H. V. Marrot's " The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy " (Heinemann, 21s.). The misfortune in Galsworthy's life was, of course, psychological. Materially, he had more than most men desire—wealth, education, wide interest, an assured position in society. But he fell in love at an early age with his cousin's wife, and, because of the strict principle to which his father kept, he felt himself compelled to live with her in what his father would have called " sin."

That fact gives the key to much of Galsworthy's work; and, also, to my mind, confirms the judgment which places his work in the sociological rather than the literary class. His pictures of a particular state of society at a particular time are unequalled as historical documents. They always seemed to me, however, to be of the scientific rather than the human kind, impartial, just and passionless. That they should still seem so (as they do), after the knowledge that some of them had a foundation in bitter personal experience, is test of Galsworthy's literary standing. He will be admired by future generations as the representative Englishman that he was; I am doubtful whether he will be admired as a novelist.

Great—great—grandmother India

The historian of the twentieth-century world will turn to Galsworthy's work with the assurance of finding there an accurate, if partial, picture of England. I hope that the same historian will not turn to Miss Katherine

Mayo for his picture of India. Miss Mayo made a sort of reputation eight years ago with a book called "Mother India." "Mother India" told of the sexual practices of Hinduism; was immoderately praised by the reviewers; and was unkindly dissected in *The Enemy* by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who compared it page by page with the comments made on India by a French priest about a century ago. It may have been, and probably was, true, for it corresponded with the more pornographic tales of returned European travellers. But as a picture in the large of the life of India's hundreds of millions it was, I suspect, as true as would be a picture of England compounded of the cases of incest, rape and sodomy that come before local English courts.

Miss Mayo has now added to this sociological would-be-document another document, entitled "The Face of Mother India" (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.). "The Face of Mother India" is much better than "Mother India," for it consists in the main of first-rate photographs; and, though it is not true that "the camera cannot lie," it is true that in this case it does not. The photographs are 393 in number, technically excellent, and cover many phases of life in India, Hindu, Moslem and British. Unfortunately they are not allowed to tell their tale alone. Miss Mayo has contributed a long introduction, which besides being inaccurate in various minor particulars, is throughout a glorification of the Moslem and a condemnation of the Hindu. Miss Mayo is as entitled to admire the Moslem as I or any of my fellow countrymen. But whether her own knowledge of the Hindu and of Indian history is sufficient to entitle her to such a wholehearted condemnation of the Hindu is at the least doubtful.

What they said

What Mr. Gladstone said in 1889 cannot be brought forward as evidence to-day, for politicians are changeable creatures—just how changeable is made clear in Mr. Hugh

Kingsmill's admirable anthology of "What they said at the time" (Wishart, 6s.). Mr. Kingsmill is concerned not only with politicians, but also with literary men; not only with our contemporaries, but also with our ancestors. Some of their sayings were fatuous, but not all. Mr. Kingsmill is too good an anthologist to go only for the easy game; his book is a very fair reflection of British opinion throughout the centuries. Those who see the parallels, between some of the ancient opinions quoted and some modern opinions known, will also find it a discomforting reflection.

Lawrence of Arabia

Both during his life and since his death there has been endless controversy about the man known to his contemporaries as "T. E. Lawrence." In the course of controversy many men, expert and otherwise, changed their opinions. Captain Liddell Hart, however, remains constant in admiration, as a new edition of his "T. E. Lawrence" (Cape, 7s. 6d.) reminds us. His biography is invaluable alike to the military student and to the reader whose main interest is in the psychology of a remarkable man. New chapters on the last and least known phase of Lawrence's life have been added to the present edition.

The Russian Revolution

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION 1917–1921. By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN. Two vols. *Macmillan*. 42s.

MR. CHAMBERLIN'S "The Russian Revolution 1917–1921" represents, as far as I know, the first account of what happened between the fall of Tsarism and the final establishment of Bolshevik power that is free from idealogical bias. For by a strange chance this piece of history—even for history particularly fantastic and a revelation of the enormous part played by chance in human affairs—has, more almost than any other, been made to fit into a preconceived pattern, made to fulfil the law and the prophets. Trotsky, for instance, in his flashy, Jewish way, has attempted

to present the Russian Revolution as such a fulfilment as the unfolding of an idea, or a game of baseball played according to precise rules, with what he calls "the power" for ball, and another abstraction, the proletariat, for star player on the winning side.

This nonsense has been hailed as a great achievement by many who, here, would lay down their lives (perhaps lives is an exaggeration) for the freedom of the Press, universal franchise and birth-control clinics. They rubbed their hands with glee when they read about Lenin's contemptuous dismissal of the Constituent Assembly, for whose summoning he had self-righteously agitated during the Provisional Government, and entirely endorsed Trotsky's approval of his short way with Mensheviks. They, in fact, swallowed whole the myth of the Bolsheviks as alone having a clear purpose, determination, and in their purposive, decisive way sweeping aside the futility and hesitations of Social-Democracy, and setting about there and then to build a classless, socialist society. Kerensky easily filled the rôle of the shoddy, indecisive Liberal, coquetting alternately with Left and Right, and Lenin was ingeniously made to fill that of the iron-willed superman who blew, and lo! an enthronement of the toiling masses, a dictatorship of the proletariat.

Mr. Chamberlin's lucid, straightforward narrative is an admirable corrective to such Marxist hot-gospelling. He writes from the standpoint of one who understands that great social upheavals, like great personal upheavals, do not make a set piece, are a confusion of events, a tangle of conflicting interests and personalities whose resolution into terms of slogans, however noisily and effectually they may have been shouted, must be false. The mighty are constantly being pulled down from their seats, the humble and meek constantly being exalted, but there is no Right and Wrong, no Good and Evil; only ebb and flow with the moon. Lenin was no saviour, the Tsar no tyrant; rather the one a professional revolutionary who, by a curious chance, instead of ending his days in Geneva and London, as so many of his like have, raking over old controversies, found himself set in authority over a sixth of the world's habitable surface, the other a pathetic, amiable nonentity who happened to inherit a position he could not fill, who preferred gardening to governing the destinies of a hundred and sixty million Russians, and who was swept to destruction by events over which he had no control.

The Tsarist régime collapsed of its own inward decay, and being without a Tsar meant, for Russia, being without a government. All that was left when the Tsar abdicated was an immense weariness of war, and an immense hunger for land, the one engendered by three years of murderous, inefficient campaigning against the Central Powers, and the other by centuries of serfdom followed by a taste, tantalisingly inadequate, of freedom.

As far as the land was concerned, it could be and was taken, quite irrespective of the sort of government in power in St. Petersburg. The war was a more complicated question. No politician, however to the Left, was prepared to hand Russia over to Germany, even for the sake of peace. This was where Lenin came in, or rather was brought in by the German Government. He was prepared to hand Russia over to Germany, he alone. That was the trump card he held—that he alone (almost literally alone, for many of his closest associates, including Stalin and Trotsky, were opposed to signing the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk) was prepared to treat with Germany as a conquered nation.

From the moment that Lenin promised peace he was, to all intents and purposes, in the Kremlin. Deepening chaos was his opportunity. The land had been taken, and he announced that, with him in power, the ten million Russians then mobilized would be able to go back to their villages and work it. It is true that later on he took the land back again, and mobilized a Red Army three million strong. Then, however, it did not matter, since by then he had destroyed all opposition organizations, got the whole Press into his hands, done away with such, in his view, nonsensical notions as a secret ballot, a wide franchise, freedom of speech, all the plant and paraphernalia of freedom to create which the Revolution had happened. Above all, by then he had created the Terror, the only constant factor in eighteen years of Bolshevik rule. If he could not fight Germany he could the class enemy. Rather in the same way that the Tsarist Government directed popular discontent into anti-semitic channels he heartened the poor peasant and mulcted the rich by keeping them constantly at each other's throats. "The State," he preached, "is an organ or machine of violence of one class against another"; and he saw to it that it functioned after its manner.

In other words, it was neither the masterly tactics and single-mindedness of the Bolshevik leaders, nor even the feebleness and

indecision of the Provisional Government, which made the October Revolution possible, but the fact that Lenin, because he shared Marx's dream of an inevitable world proletarian revolution no longer reacted as a Russian vis-a-vis Germany; and the gains thus made were able to be preserved because Germany lost the war, so that the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk was never implemented, and because the Bolshevik rulers emulated and far outdid their Tsarist predecessors in ruthlessness, in utter indifference to individual lives and suffering.

All this and much more Mr. Chamberlin describes. He has read everything there is to read on the subject, and has himself spent ten years in post-Revolutionary Russia; his style is clear, unpretentious and vivid, his mind acute and, as an historian's must be, analytical, objective, neither merely academic nor merely journalistic. He tells the astonishing story about as well as I can imagine it being told, from its origins in the upheavals of 1825 and 1905, to the February Revolution of 1917 and eight chaotic months of the Provisional Government, followed by the Bolshevik Revolution in October, and the terrible years of civil wars, until a set of professional revolutionaries, at once fanatical and opportunist, preaching love of humanity and practising the first large-scale religion of hate the world has so far known, more absolute than any monarch and more insanely ruthless than any brigand chief, combining the arrogance of materialism with the obscurantist mysticism of religion at its most debased, found themselves in undisputed possession of Russia.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

Challenge to Schools

CHALLENGE TO SCHOOLS. By A CALDER-MARSHALL. *Hogarth Press.* 1s. 6d.

"I BELIEVE that the social ideal of the public schools is pernicious. It does to the personality what bad shoes do to the feet." Thus, Mr. Marshall puts his cards on the table; challenged, the wicked animal may even defend itself.

And it is time that a gentle protest was made against this flogging of dying horses by writers who do not try to find out present educational facts, but base their strictures on a perhaps

rather deserved persecution at a minor public school a decade or two ago.

Mr. Marshall begins by speculating on the motives that lead parents to send their boys to school. Among them he notes the desire of mothers to produce in their sons the virility which their fathers apparently lack, the fear that they may become " mother-fixated," and the wish to prevent their boys knowing that they have lovers. After this hopeful reference to family life, he proceeds to the world of school, where the child finds that he has only exchanged a hectic domesticity for a waste of adolescent frustration, and where he is subjected to Wicked Masters who make " life in the classroom a feverish working out of struggles taking place in their own souls." At the mercy of their " emotional factors " (what a word !) the wicked masters stick at nothing. Mr. Marshall becomes quite lurid in his description of their performance. But our little hero will soon come to recognise their cunning motives; when they punish him for incorrigible idleness, he will console himself that it is really a compliment: only sadism can account for it. If the long-suffering men try to lighten the tedium of routine with a few well-worn japes he will know immediately that they are competing to raise a laugh; if, exasperated beyond endurance, they actually pinch the boy, he will know at once what they are after. Finally, thwarted, stunted, repressed, *Punch*-loving (a particularly shameful crime), he will emerge, longing subconsciously for a war in which to give rein to his anti-social desires.

Such is the picture Mr. Marshall paints. He supports it with a chapter on the psychology of boys and masters. After the usual recapitulation of the well known processes of embryology, he enlarges on the well known Freudian theme. The child's curiosity, he alleges, is fixed on his parents' relationship (as if any average middle class child is likely to be at all vividly aware of it), and he is stricken with guilt at his own curiosity. Meanwhile his parents, wild with jealousy of the Younger Generation, systematically thwart him, so that the poor boy hardly knows one frustration from another. And if he grows up and becomes a schoolmaster, what a situation ! " Basically unhappy, maladjusted, segregated," he can command for his belated mate only a woman " desperate " for marriage.

There follows an account of the fagging, flogging, sumptuary laws, and other psychologically unsatisfying features of the public

school, all obvious enough, and the sound point is made that of all the inhabitants of school the boys are the most conservative. After this interval of good sense, he proceeds to bitter complaints about the political bias of public schools. They are tied, he reiterates, tied hand and foot to the "capitalist" régime; their pernicious object is to turn out gentlemen. "Liberty of thought" is discouraged and the boys are "cut off from *all* contemporary sources of knowledge."

The examination system is next attacked, and particularly the teaching of classics, which is alleged to be the merest mechanical and most unintelligent exercise. Mr. Marshall insists that it is possible for a boy to get a scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge without using his brains at all, but actually scholarships are given for promise and the capacity for writing a good "general paper" and essay as well as for technical proficiency. An examination of the sort of questions set for scholarship general papers and essays would have shown Mr. Marshall that the colleges are keenly looking out for independence of thought, general promise and personality, and that if boys are "fed with a heavy constipating diet of academicism" (what a word!) they will generally do badly in their examinations.

Finally, Mr. Marshall comes to another general denunciation of Public Schools for being bound up with "capitalism," and a prophecy that they will in time be incorporated in the State Schools. There is the usual fantasy about Machiavellian capitalists, aided and abetted by even wickeder Bishops, plotting deliberately (presumably at the meetings of Governing Bodies) to stultify the young. That sink of iniquity, the Headmasters' Conference, of course, spends most of its time devising new expedients for discouraging intellectual interest among boys.

In his final suggestion that the Public Schools should be taken over by the State, Mr. Marshall reveals the cloven hoof of his kind. The intellectual tyranny which such doctrinaires as he desire to establish would make the worst mistakes of our present system (and there are mistakes as we all know, owing to the imperfections of men) to count as nothing compared with it. The orthodox Left-wing information-monger is a greater menace to free education, free thought, and free personality than any of the bogies that this pamphlet evokes.

JOHN BOWLE.

In Praise of Cheese

A Little Book of Cheese. By Osbert Burdett. *Howe*. 3s. 6d.

In a world where every other subject has been written to death cheese has been neglected. From Mr. Burdett's bibliography no man would guess that cheese can rouse the best and the worst in us, and that this cheese or that is often attacked and defended as passionately as this wine or that. Just as experts will debate whether wine should be decanted or left in its bottle, so will they praise or abominate the use of butter with Gruyère or Reblochons. And in both cases the wisest advice that can be given is: drink the wine you like, in the way you like to drink it; eat the cheese you like, with or without butter, with bread, biscuit or toast, as it happens to please you. For a man's taste is as much a part of him as the colour of his eyes, and the path of snobbery leads to the eating and drinking of all kinds of things that will make him intensely unhappy, and probably ill. It is my opinion, and I ask nobody to share it, that Brie is the cheese of all cheeses, and that it is as much above all other cheeses as the wines of Vosne are above all other wines. But what am I going to do when "Brie" is made in a factory at Hartlepool and "Romanée" grown in a vineyard at Wooloomooloo?

Mr. Burdett's all too short book is full of information which is essential for the serious eater of cheese, and there is no fanaticism to scare away the beginner. He is not told that he must never eat Cheddar unless it comes from a certain remote shop in a provincial town, but he *is* told that Cheddar nowadays may mean pretty well anything from cheese to soap. In that part of the book devoted to English cheeses there is a recipe for Stilton which Rider Haggard took down from the lips of old Mrs. Musson, of Wartnaby, in Leicestershire. No man can read her instructions without wanting to sit down and make Stilton at once. There is a full and excellent chapter on foreign cheeses, with a timely warning about Danish "Roquefort," which is as Danish as you please and as good as you please, but is not Roquefort. For although foreign cheese-makers have protected themselves better against standardization than we have, yet the evil is breaking in everywhere. I could have borne to hear Port Salut praised more loudly, but I rejoice to read that the cheese the Norwegians make from goats' milk, and which is so sustaining in their mountains, can be bought in London. Dutch cheeses are for the Dutch, and that cheese of Gozo, which I ate in Malta, is for old Gozonians. Very properly Mr. Burdett ignores it. Brie is praised as it should

be praised in prose that almost crosses the frontier into poetry. Match me that "Pale and ochreous gold" among the foods that flesh is heir to. Was there not for Brie, as for men, a Special Creation? "Most foreign cheeses at their best," says Mr. Burdett penetratingly, "have a sort of panache, to set beside the perfect simplicity of the best English." Brie has that panache.

In the chapter on the literature of cheese Mr. Burdett has collected a rich variety, from Tusser's quaint advice to the dairymaid to Mr. Belloc's admirable essay in "First and Last." There is even an Ode to Cheese containing the lines :—

> And let their edges take on silvery shades
> Beneath the moist red hands of dairymaids.

Mr. Burdett also quotes a May Day custom in the Cotswolds which is not likely to return. Three cheeses decked with flowers were carried on litters to the parish church, to the accompaniment of singing and dancing. They were then rolled three times round the church, carried back to the market place, carved up and distributed to the villagers. That is honouring cheese as it should be honoured.

I was not surprised to read, in the section devoted to "Remarks and Curiosities," that a kind of cheese is made from the soya bean. I believe almost anything, even industrial machinery, can be made from that bean. On the other hand, I had not suspected that a centenarian cheese is a common sight in the neighbourhood of Zermatt, and that one venerable monster, the doyen of cheeses, was cut with a saw in 1910, and tasted good.

This book must be read to the very end, because the very end is a delightful letter from Italy about Italian cheeses. If the average prize novel is worth seven and sixpence, then Mr. Burdett's book is worth several thousand pounds.

J. B. MORTON.

The Royal Navy

THE RESTORATION OF ENGLAND'S SEA POWER. By CAPTAIN BERNARD ACWORTH, D.S.O., R.N. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 6s.

THIS book, written with knowledge and distinction, is interesting for an unusual reason, because it is a new edition of the author's "The Navy and the Next War," published last year, and brought up to date by the addition of four chapters, which do

indeed, as the preface claims, " contribute something of real value to the great problem of national defence."

He considers that the League broke down when Abyssinia's appeal to the Covenant was ineffectual. To maintain peace, he advocates a return to the " balance of power " or to strategical independence; the last, as he shows, is undeniably entirely dependent on " the restoration of England's Sea-Power."

He points out in the next chapter that " Air-Power and Sea-Power " are at present confused and misunderstood.

One of his most admirably lucid arguments is against indiscriminate bombing from the air of an unarmed population. Nearly 300 years ago Oliver Cromwell was execrated for his " barbarous massacres " in Ireland, because his guns were fired on unfortified villages whose inhabitants could not defend themselves, but there does not seem to be much difference in what is now called " aerial attack." It is indeed obvious that no Air Force can take the place of the Navy, on which it must itself depend to such an extent as actually to increase the demand for sea-power; to give one instance only, in time of war even the fuel for aircraft, except an inconsiderable proportion, must be sea-borne. This chapter includes also a very thorough investigation of the possible defence of these islands from invasion and air-bombardment.

The author has much to say about " Fuel and Foreign Policy," and his argument is all in favour of the relegation of oil to the position of an emergency fuel in a coal-bearing country.

The " Anglo-German Treaty " and the future naval conference are considered in detail from the point of view of comparison with other nations and clear strategical conceptions. Captain Acworth agrees with Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, in " Sea Power in the Modern World," that the mere comparison of the total tonnage in ships of different nations is misleading as a measurement of relative strength.

The book deserves close study and may be said to convey a most serious warning of the danger to which the whole British Empire will be exposed if the question of national defence is neglected.

E. M. KEATE.

Far Fields

THE WOODEN PILLOW. By CARL FALLAS. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
MAGDALENA. By HELEN DOUGLAS IRVINE. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.
TORTILLA FLAT. By JOHN STEINBECK. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

THE HIGHWAYS of European experience having been thoroughly explored by his predecessors, the novelist of today tends to go either into the byways or into the far fields where the highways are still new. Mr. Fallas, Miss Irvine and Mr. Steinbeck take the latter path. In the opinion of the present reviewer they take it wisely. There is the novelty that the novel should surely have to be found in those far fields; and the human character that is the basis of all novels suffers no restriction in them.

Miss Irvine's story, of a girl who was seduced and afterwards murdered, is a fairly old story in a new setting and a new style. The setting is a South America that Mr. Cunninghame-Graham did not discover. The style is that of the law courts in that the story is separately and differently told by separate witnesses. The suggestion of the law courts goes no further than that, however, for Miss Irvine's characters speak a lovely English, and the passions and motives of which they tell are alien to English tradition.

Mr. Fallas also tells of an alien world, the world of pre-war Japan. An Englishman wanders into it, becomes as much a part of it as an Englishman can, and, finally, leaves it. In point of action his story is slight. As the means to a sympathetic revelation of Japanese character it is exquisite. I am not competent to judge how deeply Mr. Fallas's knowledge of Japan goes. But his picture agrees with the picture I had myself formed from much briefer acquaintance; and it has that unity within itself that implies unity with the truth outside.

Mr. Steinbeck writes of another field far from English life, but in very different vein. His country is the American West, the byways of which have been strangely ignored by the writers of what is called " Western " fiction; his people the paisanos of mixed blood who live a squalid and pathetically amusing life between town and country. They provide the material for an excellent picaresque novel. Mr. Steinbeck has made the most of it.

PIERRE FRONDEUR.

Combing the Moonbeams

POEM. By ARTHUR LLEWELLYN BASHAM. *Unicorn Press.* 3s. 6d.
THE WHITE BLACKBIRD. By ANDREW YOUNG. *Cape.* 5s.
NINETEEN SIXTEEN. An anthology compiled by EDNA C. FITZHENRY. *Harrap.* 5s.

TWO QUALITIES characterise pre-eminently the poetic achievement of Greece, of Rome, and of the England from Chaucer to Bridges—truth and simplicity. By truth and simplicity, Chaucer has won already six centuries of fame. Mr. Basham, on the other hand, presents us with moonbeams which " comb the branches," having acquired a to-and-fro motion never observed by astronomers, though occasionally by diners-out.

She was one with the sun, having bred
feathery girls. . .

little flaunting ships
married to new factories like clean glassy rocks,
and stevedores singing swinging opalescent hips.

What picture does this convey to the mental eye? Are these longshoremen, thus prismatically back-sided, nude or trousered? The Devil himself could'nt tell us! Obscure thought speaks in obscure language. Mr. Andrew Young, on the other hand, is true in imagery and observation; simple in diction. He succeeds also in conveying a sense of some vivid, transient glory, as though from some brighter world than this, which only a true poet can reveal.

I never saw a lovelier sky;
The faces of the passers-by
Shine with gold light as they step west. . . .

" Nineteen Sixteen " may come to be regarded as a sacred book by those who were heart and soul in the revolution which the mention of that date evokes, but its appeal, I fancy, will be mainly limited to them. When " the wind blows out of the gates of the day," I listen enthralled. When it blows through some ox-yard where revolutionaries are concealing machine-guns, I find the spell dissolves.

Oh, lyric love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild committee-man.

KENNETH HARE.

A Generation Ago

From THE ENGLISH REVIEW *of January* 1911

THE " top note " of last Christmas has been quite eclipsed by the two great events of this December—*Salome* without the Baptist and the General Election contested upon Mr. Balfour's spurious Referendum. After the British production of *Salome* it must needs be a poor look-out for the Drury Lane pantomime, for not all the transformation delights of Fairy Land, not all the noise and spangle and jollification of the Lane can hope to present any spectacle of mirth or humour or bathos more excruciatingly droll than that offered by the Satanic lamentations of Salome delivered into a silver vessel suppositious of the Baptist's head. Well may Maud Allen say to herself : " Is that all I have taught you with my nudity and rows of electric-lighted heads ? " And the answer is, it is all, all that initiative can squeeze out of British authority, because in this country, though it is permitted to the caterers of inartistic and frivolous entertainment to be serious, it is not so permitted to art.

* * *

Mr Balfour's Albert Hall Speech

WE turn from the *opéra comique* to the comedy played upon the country by Mr. Balfour. This is, of course, highly controversial matter, but if the Albert Hall speech had any serious meaning at all it is now evident that it belonged to the category of " Post-Impressionism." That the Referendum will ever come into use in this country no thinking man credits for a moment. It would mean the abolition, necessitating the complete reconstruction, of our Constitution, which would thus become inevitably a paper one. It would reduce the dignity and the popular uses of our present Parliamentary system to the status of a mere deliberative and debating Chamber, entirely dependant upon the pleasure of the Upper House, which, if reconstituted fairly and honestly, would thus become supreme both in legislature and in the executive, and, if not reformed on a genuine Liberal basis, shorn of the hereditary principle and of traditional Conservative interest, would be far more powerful as an obstacle to all Liberal reform and initiative than any Second House in this country ever has been or than any Second House in any other country is.

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ON THE MARGIN—*continued*

THE figures of road casualties in Britain have not yet been published as I write. But I have it on good authority that they will not show any very great reduction on the figures for 1934. That is why I commend to the attention of all road users (and that is to say ninety-nine per cent. of the population of these islands) the Pedestrians' Association of which Lord Cecil is the President and Lady Bathurst the Honorary Treasurer.

Motorists have their association and cyclists theirs; and motorists and cyclists support their respective associations well. It is only right that pedestrians should do the same—not in order to foster the uselessly combative spirit which is often apparent in road disputes, but to ensure that every section of road users shall have an adequate voice in legislation intended to reduce a toll of deaths which motorists, cyclists and pedestrians alike are anxious to lessen.

Incidentally, I commend the Pedestrians' Association to motorists and cyclists as well. For two reasons: the first, that every motorist and cyclist is also at times a pedestrian; the second, that one of the aims of the Pedestrians' Assssociation is to provide adequate footpaths and thereby make easier the lot of the motorist and cyclist.

* * *

THE Salvation Army makes a special appeal to our readers at Christmas time. That does not, however, mean that it needs help only at Christmas time. On the contrary, the special efforts it makes to relieve distress at Christmas (including the entertainment of some 24,000 guests in 200 Salvation Army social service centres), create a gap which has to be filled in order that the good work may be carried on undiminished throughout the rest of the year. In days when thoughts of other armies are unfortunately occupying our minds, I hope that our readers

(continued on next page)

ON THE MARGIN—*continued*

will also spare some thought for this army of peace, an army in its discipline and self-sacrifice, which is constantly engaged in a never-ending battle against human misery.

* * *

MENTION of the Salvation Army reminds me also of another work of self-sacrifice that is constantly being carried on, though in more distant parts of the world. This work was brought to my notice recently by a letter from Father Thomas Deering, Resident Chaplain of the Leper Settlement on Chacachacare Island, Trinidad, British West Indies.

Father Deering tells me that there are 426 lepers on the island, of many races and languages. Though weak in body, they are vigorous in mind, and reading is one of their chief pleasures. They are unable at the moment, however, to obtain all the papers they want, and Father Deering suggests that any readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW who do not keep their copies for binding should send them to him. I commend his suggestion.

* * *

I HAVE just had the pleasure of looking over some interesting old prints. They were of London in 1842, the work of Thomas Shotter Boys, and gave 26 views of the West End and round about. Particularly interesting were the Old Club Houses, Pall Mall; Regent Street, looking East; the Strand, both above and below Old Temple Bar. I learn from Messrs. Henry's, who have this collection, that the Queen accepted one of them recently at The Westminster Fair.

Thomas Shotter Boys was born in London on January 2, 1803, and was apprenticed to George Cooke, the engraver. He was a close friend of Bonnington and other artists of the period.

I also saw at Henry's part of a collection of seventeenth-century maps of the

(*continued on next page*)

HOTEL REGISTER—*continued*

SEASIDE—*continued*

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ON THE MARGIN—*continued*

counties of England in contemporary colours, and engraved by John Jannson. With their scrolls and cartouches they would make fine decoration for any room.

* * *

WHATEVER may be throught and said of Royal Academicians as painters, as organizers—or as selectors of organizers—they are incomparable. Notwithstanding that it comes after a break in the series of national art exhibitions, the Chinese Art Exhibition at Burlington House is attracting record crowds. I am glad of that, since for Chinese art at its best (which is certainly not, in my opinion, in what our fathers used to call "china") I have an ungrudging admiration. In beautiful simplicity of line and colour it is unequalled.

I am told that the Burlington House Exhibition is likely to result in a fashion for Chinese decoration similar to that which seized eighteenth-century England. I wonder? Some Chinese pottery, Chinese rugs and carpets, Chinese paintings—there is a fitting place for all these in modern London life. But for the rest we draw too widely on the world of craftsmen within and without our country for any one nation to be able to dominate.

* * *

I WENT last month for the first time to the Curzon Cinema, in Curzon Street, and wished I had gone sooner. I am not a film fancier in general because I can stand neither the sentimentality of most films nor the decoration of most cinemas. Neither reason operated at the Curzon. The theatre is of a simple loveliness, and just as important, its seats are comfortable. The film, *La Bandera*, was sentimental in basis, but not so in treatment.

I have seen three films of the same kind as *La Bandera*—*La Bandera* itself, which is a French film about the Spanish Foreign

(*continued on next page*)

ON THE MARGIN—*continued*

Legion; *The Lost Patrol*, which is a British film about a cavalry patrol lost in Mesopotamia during the War; and *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, which is an American film about the North-West Frontier. *The Lost Patrol* I liked best; there were no women and no "slush" in it. *Bengal Lancer* I liked least, because, excellent as it was, it was ruined by the introduction of a stupid and totally irrelevant love affair.

La Bandera comes in between. Its main theme is the Foreign Legion, and the (I suppose inevitable) love affair is restrained and has nothing to do with the main theme.

* * *

THE London School of Journalism was founded in 1919 by Sir Max Pemberton under the patronage of the late Lord Northcliffe, and several of the principal newspaper proprietors and editors.

Its object was to provide sound and practical instruction and guidance to would-be contributors to the Press, and that this object has been achieved is shown by the successes obtained by students of the School in every part of the British Empire. Indeed, many of its students who originally started as Free-lance contributors have been offered, and have accepted, important posts on the editorial staffs of Home and Overseas publications.

Even practising journalists have found it worth while to seek the assistance of the School, in order to develop and perfect their style. The proprietors of one great group of newspapers have, during the last four or five years, arranged for the enrolment as students of the school of over seventy members of their editorial staffs.

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ON THE MARGIN

By Commentator

RARELY has any country been faced with so many problems, great and small, as are Britain and Greater Britain today. In Britain, as I write, there is still no certainty of peace in the coalfields; the future of British broadcasting, potentially the greatest educative force since the invention of printing, is in doubt; the future plans of a Government with an immense majority are unknown. In Greater Britain, New Zealand has entered on its first period of Labour Government; Alberta is undertaking a financial experiment never undertaken before; India is on the threshold of a new Constitution whose results cannot be foretold.

Abroad, the momentous question of the future of the League of Nations, and of Britain's part in it, has yet to be settled; the Italian-Abyssinian war is dragging on; President Roosevelt's "new deal" has been upset by the American Supreme Court; Egypt is in ferment; France is on the eve of elections which may radically alter her policy towards the rest of Europe; Palestine is discussing a new Legislative Council which has aroused fierce criticism.

* * *

WITH many of these problems our contributors deal this month. The character of India's next Governor-General, on whom the responsibility for working the new Constitution will fall, is sketched by Britannicus Viator. Mr. A. D. Cohen, lately retired from the Colonial Office and previously on the personal staff of two Viceroys of India, asks whether Palestine is sufficient answer to the Jewish problem.

Mr. Wilfrid Hindle, taking as his text an admirable tract by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, discusses the future of the League. Mr. John England suggests a more forthright policy in broadcasting than has yet been evolved.

Among the less immediate questions dealt with in this number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, I would particularly commend Mr. William Hichens' study of African languages. Mr. Hichens has served in Africa, and from the knowledge gained in his service makes African languages a living reality. To

(*continued on page* 131)

THIS number of

THE ENGLISH REVIEW,

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The attention of intending contributors is also drawn to the Contributors' Club, a new department of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, in which preference will be given to brief contributions by unknown writers.

Letters to the Editor should be as brief as possible; should bear the name and address of the author, though these will not be published if a request to that effect is made; and should reach the offices of THE ENGLISH REVIEW not later than the tenth day of the month.

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ON THE MARGIN—(*continued*).

students of history I commend Mr. Oliver Welch's informed revaluation of the Stuarts, and to students of literature Mr. Hugh Kingsmill's article on Rudyard Kipling. I do not always agree with Mr. Kingsmill's views, but I invariably find them stimulating.

* * *

THERE is no limit to human ingenuity. First we had plain sulphur matches; they were a wonder but a not too convenient wonder, as visitors to France, where they are still in use, will testify. Then we had the English variety of ordinary matches, and an admirable variant on them in the small matches for smokers. Then we had safety matches, which brought comfort into the life of parents. In between we had wax matches, a variety that has never caught the popular fancy as the others have done.

Then we had book matches, admirable for use with evening dress or by ladies. And now we have a refinement on the book matches that astonishes me. This refinement is "feature" book matches, in which the matches in the book are cut from dies in seventeen different shapes and each shape calculated to bring to the notice of the user the particular product of the place where the matches are sold.

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* * *

THERE is a slight but piquant connection between modern Italy and the ancient Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, of which Sir John Simon was last month made a Knight of Grace. The order was once known as the Knights of Rhodes, and Rhodes is an island of the Dodecanese group which Italy annexed during the Libyan War. The Auberge of the English Tongue of the Knights of St. John still exists at Rhodes, whither there was a pilgrimage from England just after the War. The English Knights who went on the pilgrimage were heartily welcomed by the Italian Governors who had lately been their allies in the War.

(*contined on page* 254)

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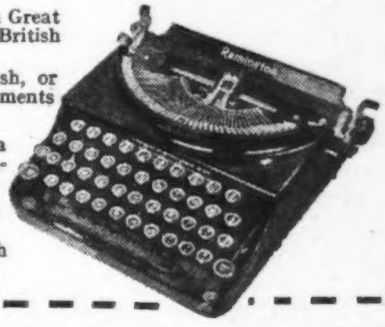

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1936

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